100 PAGES

MEN ONLY

INCORPORATING ESCORT
Volume 37: Number 8 40p

THE TRUTH ABOUT FATTY ARBUCKLE AND OTHER HOLLYWOOD SCANDALS

THE TRUTH ABOUT GROUPIES

THE TRUTH ABOUT GIRLS ON HOLIDAY

...and Fiona in Nassau

Published by
PAUL
RAYMOND

What every woman likes and every man enjoys

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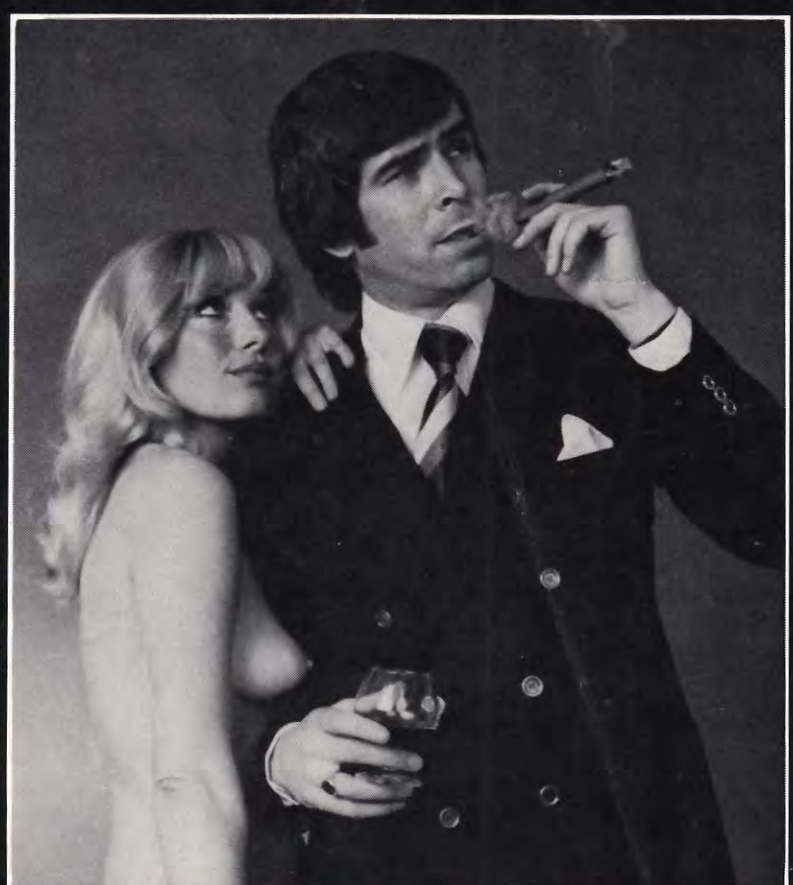

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Groupies are a phenomenon of the age we live in; young and not so young females drawn to the tight-trousered guitar-jerking pop idols like crazed lemmings to a cliff edge. Alan Whitehead, until quite recently the drummer of the Marmalade pop group, has had his fair share of experience with these hot and frenzied ladies and his disclosures a few months ago led to a full-scale exposé in the *News of the World*. In this issue he tells the *full* story.

Of course, all branches of show business have had their share of bed-happy followers; perhaps none more so than the cinema industry. The tragic story of one such girl and her encounter with the infamous Fatty Arbuckle is featured in our survey of great Hollywood Scandals—and the subject is further examined in an intriguing Collogue, where three actresses give forth with some very frank revelations.

Contrary to some opinion, Fiona Richmond is no journalistic Groupie (would that she were!) and just to illustrate her versatility she has ceased her world-wide sex-quest for the moment to play a leading part in Paul Raymond's presentation of Pyjama Tops at the Palace Pier Theatre, Brighton (full details on page 71). Readers of a nervous disposition can rest assured that her exploits on the Caribbean have all been completed and will be appearing in *Men Only* during the coming months.

Response to our £1,000 nude photo competition has been fantastic—and next month we begin a play-off between some of the leading candidates, which will eventually determine the winner. I can tell you, gentlemen, the high standard of entries, and the models, will be a great surprise to you.

Always surprising is the work of Karl Steiner and his remarkable appraisal of literary exhibitionism is no exception. See *The Writing on the Wall* for confirmation.

I hope that most of you are reading and enjoying our other publication *Club International*—which has got off to an immensely successful launch. Superbly printed, highly original in content it now stands as the second highest-selling men's magazine in the country. The first? You are holding it at this very moment, Sir/*Tony Power*.

Hens (*page 30*)

Lens (*page 52*)

Pens (*page 18*)

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Recreation

Restorative retreats for ready revellers

I shall like the Prime Minister much more when he gets breathalysed, punches Mr. Wilson on the nose or writes to the *Daily Telegraph*.

He will then be a little bit more like me. Like most of us. When he is ejected from his sailing club bar at Broadstairs for telling the Commodore he doesn't know his arse from his elbow I shall stand up and cheer.

We like our nightclubs this way too. When a man was shot during an after-show scuffle at the 'Pigalle', business leapt up 25% for the next month and when a British Cabinet Minister was seen going into the 'Black Sheep' during the Profumo scandal of a decade ago in 'drag', well, you just couldn't get into the place. For one thing the Press Club had removed itself there en bloc. The owner's wife held the infamous dinner party at which 'the man in the mask' served at the table starkers.

The 'Black Sheep' has gone. As dead as the sixties which bred its anthology. Now, a new very exclusive sort of place has recently opened on the premises at 5 White Horse Street, W.1: 'Plume's'. 'Plume's', like 'Tramp' in Jermyn Street, stands for success right across the board. Whereas 'Annabelle's' thrives on its WASPishness—English, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, Pure and preferably titled—'Plume's' is Peter Sellers, Christina Onassis, Georgie Best and Lord Cowdray's heir, Michael Pearson. It is also YOU. If your face fits. The sole arbiter of that is Roy Evans, the host. Roy was manager of 'Tramp' for two years and in April of this year joined up with Brian Mason, who owns the successful 'Sloopy's' in Majorca, to promote 'Plume's'. Like the racing fraternity nightclubbers tend to follow their favourite 'jockeys'. And so much of Mr. Evans's 'Tramp' is now dividing its favours to 'Plume's'.

The decor is ultra smooth. Tiffany-pink lightshades, expensive low-slung settees in the upstairs bar. Downstairs a plush discotheque, with multi-coloured lighting pinpointing the dance patch, dissipating into moody gloom along the black banquettes and snug chairs ranged below the dee-jay's rostrum. What is good here is the food. The restaurant is off the discotheque but so built that the noise doesn't percolate. The accent is on quiet sophistication; white linen clothes, silver table service and an interesting menu. The food is quality. The steaks especially delicious. The wine list leans heavily in favour of the estate bottled, as you would expect. There is no cash. Pay at the end of your evening. Membership is £10·00. Either write to Mr. Evans or apply in person. If you're a night-minded person it is useful to have one expensive membership club up your sleeve. The famous name charisma can't fail to charm. "Is that Peter Sellers over there?" "Probably. But please don't make a fuss. I don't want to get dragged into a big crowd tonight." Game, set and match. (Tel. 01-493 1017).

I went looking for the 'Mad Hatter' in Guildford the other night. A new restaurant—in fact the only decent quality restaurant in Guildford—at 5 Sydenham Road (0483 63011). It is owned by old friends: Charles and Doreen Ferraris. Charles, or Mr. Charles, was restaurant manager at the 'Society' in Jermyn Street—the premises which are now 'Tramp'. After the hurly-burly of a lifetime spent in the top posts of West End waitery Charles has realised his ambition of owning his very own place. Charles was Princess Margaret's favourite Maitre D in her gadabout years of the late fifties and early sixties. She once asked him, discreetly of course, about the owner's background. Charles bowed gravely and replied: "Frankly, Madam, I don't think he's got any!"

'The Mad Hatter' gets its name from the fact that Lewis Carroll wrote Alice in Wonderland in a house nearby. The only problem is getting there. Guildford has become one of these 'enlightened' one-way systems with all the thrills of a snakes and ladders board for those with nothing better to do than to play the fool, finding the place they want for half an hour. To get to the 'Mad Hatter' go into the town centre which is Guildford High Street. Turn sharp left up Tunsgate which is opposite the Guildhall and Sydenham Road is the second on your left. I hope it still is. The planners might have shuffled the board again for all I know!

The 'Mad Hatter' is the West End at less than half the price. It is fresh and spotless with fresh flowers on every table and waiters who speak English because they are. They are also smartly dressed and Charles and Doreen welcome their customers in proper evening wear too. The 'Mad Hatter' also opens lunchtimes (closed completely Sundays) when a special table d'hote for just 75p is available! Many of Charles former West End customers patronise the place. Guildford, in the middle of the Surrey stockbroker belt, needed a civilised restaurant, sadly missing heretofore.

The food is basic, English with some of the better known French dishes. Expect to pay £3·00 a head for a full dinner with wine. And just in case my comments have made you feel that Charles and his restaurant are old hat and stuffy then think again. An increasing percentage of his custom comes from the young intellectual trendies of Surrey University.

The only disadvantage of 'The Labyrinth' is that at 100 Westbourne Terrace, W.2, it's unmistakably in Paddington—and if you don't believe me ring 01-262 1161. There's a bloke on the front of the menu who is drinking stripped to the waist and wearing a pair of shaggy long-johns with hooves in place of feet. There is a loveliness reclining next to him with big boobs, gazing into his eyes and looking absolutely smashed. You can't of course tell a book by its cover but the artist's drawing is a good presentiment of what is to come.

The Labyrinth

The menu is quite big with the usual mixture of English and French classic dishes; steaks, scampi, sole, veal but it is surprisingly good. There are also 15 special Spanish dishes to choose from with a handsome wine list to boot. The 'Labyrinth' is fairly expensive; main dishes run over £1·50 and it is 60p for avocado crevette but then I suppose it is no good these days translating decimalisation into the saner currency of the past.

'The Labyrinth' is very aptly named. It is the basement of the Metropolis Hotel and was once a clutch of wine cellars. This structure imbues the place with that all-important thing—atmosphere. There are musicians to play for your dancing pleasure but all the times I have been down there I can never remember actually seeing anyone on the dance floor. It is usually a succession of unmuffled roars for various requests which issue forth from those on their second bottle of wine. 'The Labyrinth' is a fun place to let your hair down. Your food will cost an average of £2·80 a head for three courses and the wine is up to you. I would reckon on £8·00 for two. My bills have been higher because it is the sort of intimate bear garden which breeds bonhomie and consequently much more than one should wisely drink. I am, of course, speaking for myself.

"I am finickey about shapes," I said to Aileen. "Yes," she agreed: "I have noticed." "I don't like an oblong dining room in a restaurant . . ." ". . . but then, dahling," she mused, "you are very square!"

I couldn't belt her because we were in 'The Genevieve'. It is oblong-shaped and people tend therefore to dine within easy hearing distance—one's conversation has to be a little discreet.

'The Genevieve' is in Thayer Street, W.1 (01-486 2244), and was Joseph Berkmann's first restaurant in 1959. Since then he's added another dozen. It takes its name from the famous British comedy of the era. Berkmann bought it for a song. Before that it had been a trendy sort of place: "Out of touch with the area. Not at all right for the Harley Street doctors," Mr. Berkmann remarks. If you don't have my phobia about oblong-shaped restaurants which are also narrow then you will enjoy 'Genevieve'. The food is really worthwhile. The cuisine is French and although most of the waiters are not the service is unobtrusive and friendly. To me it is always the test of a professed good quality restaurant whether it will deviate slightly from its menu. 'Sole Caprice' (sole with bananas and chutney) has, for some reason I now completely forget, long been a favourite of mine. I asked for it at 'Genevieve' and it was produced, although not on the menu. No trouble. And in case you think I'm on the house everywhere I go I will tell you I paid at the 'Genevieve' to unobligate myself. I had heard tales that the place had gone down somewhat and was living on its past success. Not true.

My bill came to about £14·00 for two. This is way above what you would normally expect to pay. I had a bottle of rare estate wine which was £4·50 and then, because I liked it, I had another. It was about this time I told Aileen that if she played her cards right I would also have her. "Oh! No!" she gasped, shaking her head. "You couldn't possibly. My place is oblong too."/*Brian O'Hanlon*

Relaxation

Reading reviews for adult tastes

So oft we jolly well go sur le Berlin Olympics of 1936. It's something of an anti-climax, though, as Richard Mandell describes it in his *The Nazi Olympics* (Souvenir Press, £2·50). One would like to be a bit kinder to what is obviously a well-researched job. Regrettably however, the whole show tends to leave one rather limp.

Spectacular grislies that they were, the Nazis had all the character and eclat of ringmasters on a gigantic scale. Sport, that most flouted and touted of so-called friendship-makers,

was perverted beyond belief in their pageant-soaked hands. They muscled in on what, up till then anyway, had been a fairly reasonable presentation of sporting spectacles and turned it into the greatest PR exercise since the zip.

But this book somehow fails to show just how it was done. True it dwells at great and seemingly inexhaustible length on the size and scale of the gig. It makes the telling point that in reality the Berlin Olympics were in fact the death of that mammoth white elephant. It details in page after page just what role Hitler played in the whole set-up. And yet, it just doesn't come to life.

Perhaps the reason for this lies in the subject matter itself. Olympics, after they have finished tend to dwindle into a conglomerate of statistics. Like a play in the theatre it tends to lose its breath and imagery as time goes on. What is different and chillingly binding about this particular hooley is that it was essentially a political extravaganza where the sport was really only the cover for the hideous, blood-flecked minds that were shortly afterwards to go to work in the full light of day. In its way the Olympics at Berlin were a warning. Surely anyone in their right senses, seeing the impeccable organisation, the massed and cheering crowds, the paramilitary marching and wheeling—all these must have shown the immense strength and girding for battle that occupied the German soul at that time.

That the lesson was lost under the vast and artificial bonhomie deliberately created by Goebbels and his Propaganda Ministry is a tribute to the Nazi powers of duplicity. It is also a sad commentary on the gullibility of those who attended and failed to get the message.

Peculiarly enough, under the relentless pressures of the publicity boys, the actual sporting achievements themselves tended to be a little lost. Hitler popped in occasionally, drawing interest away from the athletes. He also had to be restrained from going overboard (something to which he was a trifle prone), when a German athlete won. Eventually all such unkempt congratulations were relegated to private receptions in the Chancellery. Jesse Owens, probably the world's most beautifully proportioned man and a gentleman to boot, flashed on the world's horizon; shamed the chauvinistic Germans and dazed the Fuehrer into leaving the arena. But somehow the overall impression left behind by this sporting enclave is that of its total futility as a means of helping international understanding. Mind you, with a mind like the late Adolf's in full swing, it would be a darned difficult thing to do.

However, certain factors will always hold true for any such international meeting. As we have learned to our cost today, it is quite impossible to separate sport from politics, especially on an international level. The fact that this lesson has been learned at all is in itself a minor note of optimism for future Olympiads, whatever their political hue.

One must be fair to the author. The very size and scope of the organisation of the Games are a bit daunting. Within the limits of the material available, Mr. Mandell has done a very conscientious job. (I wish he had used far more photographs). That the book somehow leaves a bit to be desired is not so much his fault I feel. It is that, on reading of that far-off event, the stink of the Nazi philosophy still comes through—bloody though now bowed./*Tom Powell*

Inebriation

Recommended revivers for tired palates

Drinking, like most things, has its fashions. In the halcyon days of the '20s and '30s, smart people always drank pink bubbly and a variety of highly explosive mixtures which for some quite unaccountable reason became known as cocktails.

Cocktail parties naturally became all the rage. Not the sort of occasions for those who liked things stiff and straight—although they might have been forgiven for misinterpreting the name. The more genteel and pretentious members of society, however, found much pleasure in tickling their fancies with concoctions which, if strange to the eye and tastebuds, produced after-effects Noel Coward at least might have thought 'divine'.

Cocktails as a drinking term have entered into common usage. Yet the meaning has changed. An older generation still use it as an affected term for a straightforward pre-lunch or dinner aperitif, invitations to polite parties and receptions still state 'cocktails' and even the revolutionaries have found in the Molotov Cocktail a mixture which, although unpalatable to its victims, provides a good excuse for a rave-up . . .

Anyway, whether you like to down your mixture or be downed by it, the real cocktail is making a come-back as jaded palates look for a little new excitement.

Here are five potent mixtures from the Rooftop Bar of the London Hilton. Best not to try them all at once though. The spectacular view from the windows is intended to be a static one.

Luna Lady. Ideal for sending your bird into outer orbit, you put 1½ oz. Vodka, ½ oz. Apricot Brandy, 2½ oz. cream, ½ oz. sugar and an egg white into a blender, shake up and garnish with a slice of orange, a cherry and a flower. Ready-made in the Rooftop Bar, 80p.

Spring Goddess. Mix 1 oz. Galliano, ½ oz. Blue Curacao and ½ oz. Tequilla with crushed ice in a champagne glass and float cream on top. At £1·00 in the Rooftop Bar, a sure way to get her sweetened.

Prince of Wales. For those with regal tastes, you mix 1 oz. Brandy, 1 oz. Grand Marnier, 2 oz. orange juice, 1 oz. lemon juice and 2 oz. Champagne in a silver tankard, garnish with slice of orange, slice of lemon, cherry and mint and ice. £1·00 in the Rooftop Bar.

Sunrise. A good way to get an internal glow, whatever time of day. Mix ½ oz. Creme Noyeaux, ½ oz. Vodka, 1 oz. orange juice, 1 dash lemon juice, 1 dash sugar, 1½ oz. Champagne. Use amber goblet if possible for colour effect and sugar the rim. Pour in mixture, top up with Champagne and decorate with slice of orange. The Rooftop Bar will do it all for you for £1·00.

Planter's Punch. An excellent warmer up, take 1 oz. dark Rum, 1 oz. white Rum, 1 oz. pineapple, 2 oz. orange juice, ½ oz. lemon juice and 1 dash Grenadine. Shake up around in a shaker, pour into tumbler and garnish with a slice of orange and lemon and mint and cherry. 70p in the Hilton's Rooftop Bar./*Rodney Bennett-England*

Luna Lady, Spring Goddess, Prince of Wales, Sunrise and Planter's Punch are all odds-on favourites in the cocktail stakes at the London Hilton's Rooftop bar.

The pub would be packed out Saturday dinnertime, mostly with blokes you knew—mates and that. But there'd be this bunch of old sods in one corner, in town to see the match. They hadn't missed a home game in fifty years, and probably never seen United win, either.
Fiction by Tony Rickaby

Saturday afternoons were a joke in that town. No more work for another week, and so everybody you knew would be just hanging around, looking for something to do. There never was, but you met some real odd people.

The afternoon started after dinner, about half-one, when all the lads congregated in the Castle Tap, a boozer in the square, for a few jars and a couple of games of 301.

It was best not to drink too many. There'd be a lot to get down that coming evening, and no good honking a hangover before it even started. So about four or five pints was usually enough, though if your guts were made of iron you might be able to stretch to eight or nine. The popular drink was Brown and Mild. It gave you the runs all day Sunday, but it was dead cheap.

The Castle Tap was a right dump. All done out in cream paint and with dirty old beermats stuck all over the walls and ceiling to hide the cracks and damp patches.

The only people who could really stand going in there regularly were the Baileys, who were the craziest family in town. There were hundreds of them.

Old man Bailey was the biggest pisshead in town. He'd once won quite a bit on the pools—a few thousand, or something like that—and in no time at all he just blew the lot on beer.

His old woman was a great fat lump who ran a rag and bone racket with a horse and cart and her twelve year old daughter Linda. She was the same size as her mother and used to threaten people right on their doorsteps to do them over if they didn't give her any rags.

And there were about ten sons. They were all pretty evil, and forever going round duffing up old ladies, putting under-age birds up the spout and kicking in phone boxes and shop windows. But they weren't real villains because they were so ignorant. So, although they were always getting had up, it would be for stupid little things like nicking lead off roofs, busting open fag machines, lifting boxes of Smith's Crisps out of the local brewery or falling off somebody else's motorbike. Because they never had a job to go to, being on the dole pretty regularly, the Bailey brothers had plenty of spare time to put a lot of effort into all this crime. If they'd put half as much effort into scheming up a decent sized thieve, they'd all have been millionaires. As it was, they spent most of their time doing short stretches in different remand homes and borstals. Still, they saw the country.

The only good thing about the Castle Tap was that they'd serve anybody in there, no matter how young. Christ only knows how they got away with it, it was so obvious. You could go in there some Saturdays and there'd be about half-a-dozen thirteen or fourteen year olds trying to beer it up with halves of mild and halves of cider; swapping the tipped Weights and shouting their mouths off telling what they thought were dirty stories about Durex and things. Until some big hardnut came in, that is, then they'd all go quiet.

The pub would be packed out Saturday dinnertime, mostly with blokes you knew—mates and that. But there'd be this bunch of old sods in one corner, in town to see the match. They hadn't missed a home game in fifty years, and probably never seen United win, either.

They'd take an early bus into town and make a real outing of it. It was probably the only chance they had to get away from their old women. You could see a big queue of them lined up outside the Castle Tap at a quarter-past-ten in the morning, waiting for opening time and nearly banging the door down if it wasn't opened dead on the half-hour.

They'd get in that corner and there was no budging them for hours. Rabbiting on about how there weren't any great players anymore, not like in the old days with Dixie Dean and Alex James and all those others that nobody had ever heard of. Or else moaning about crowds of bleeding yobboes packing out the pub so you couldn't get to the bar and needing a bleeding good haircut and a bleeding good spell in the army.

About ten-to-three the old brigade would suddenly all get up and traipse out round to the park to see United lose again. Ninety or so thrilling minutes later they were all out hanging around the square, reading the pink and waiting for half-past-five, when they could park their arses in the pub again.

There wasn't enough room to turn around in that pub, let alone play darts. The board was a crappy old thing—falling to bits and with all the wire off. You had to bring your own set of arrows of course, because Elsie, the tight-fisted old bag who called herself the landlady—never had any decent ones. She only bothered to keep a few bust plastics in an old pint mug behind the bar.

Elsie was peculiar. About sixty and dead old. She had scraggy white hair going bald and big fat tits that hung all over the bar and, depending on what sort of bloke you were, either made you feel randy or sick.

She was very nice to you when the pub was empty. Then she was glad

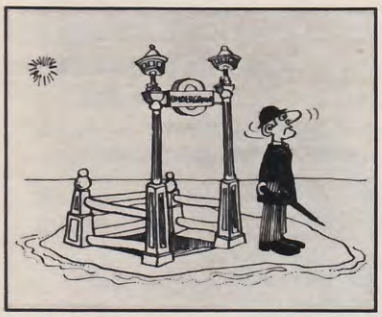
"Saturday afternoons you met some real odd people..."

Illustration by Chris Achilleos: The Illustr

to have your money and somebody to bore to death with the gory details of all her different illnesses. That wouldn't have been so bad, but they were all the disgusting ones—like piles or gallstones or tapeworm.

But when the pub was crowded she'd act as though she were the Queen Mother or somebody. She'd stick her pearls on over her cardy and become the grand lady, standing no nonsense or rowdy behaviour, ordering people around and threatening not to serve them. It never did her any good though, everybody knew she was just an old ratbag who needed their money and they'd just laugh at her right to her face.

Her old man was a real mess. He'd been in and out of nuthouses loads of



times, but a nice bloke when you got to know him. He was a lot younger than her—about thirty-five (although it's hard to tell the age of loonies, and he could've been anything). Jack, that was his name, always wore an old grey demob suit that smelt of piss. He spent his life leaning on the bar, drinking pints of bitter and laughing to himself.

Elsie treated him like a cunt. Always shouting and screaming at him in front of all the customers. Telling him to do this and that until the poor twat didn't know whether he was coming or going. What really annoyed her was that people felt sorry for Jack, and so he had drinks bought him all the while. Nobody ever bought her any.

God knows what they were doing married. It was dead sick. Some bloke reckoned that when Elsie's first husband died, ages ago, she had quite a job on with all the work to be done around the pub. She didn't fancy paying out wages to anybody, so one day she went along to that big building up past the bridge which then used to be a workhouse, doing laundry and things, as well as a kind of loony-bin. She had a look around, and finally chose Jack. And he was too daft to say no.

A bit later on, feeling a bit hazy and coughing our guts up from all the cheap fags, we'd all crawl out of the boozer and into daylight. Hang around for a bit to take the piss out of Gregory Shaw, a fat bumboy who pressed trousers in the window of Coopers the dry cleaners, which was next door to the pub.

Gregory had a real terrible haircut. His mother wouldn't let him go to the barbers, she cut and permed it herself. He'd sometimes dress up in his mother's corset and knickers and play fairies and witches down his garden shed with all the little boys who lived on his estate. He'd run little competitions to see who could wank him the best. The winner got a big kiss from Greg.

When we'd all had a good giggle at Greg, who only got the job at Coopers because the manager shagged his mother, we'd hang about in the square to see if there was any talent around. There never was.

Then, round the corner and up the High Street in the direction of the Carousel Cafe. A coke or a coffee or something was needed.

On the way you passed the old horse trough. Old Fred would be sitting on it, directing the traffic. He was a nutter who lived with his sister above a greengrocer's shop, and all the kids would shout out to him whenever they passed.

"What did yuh do wiv yer bruvver, Fred?!"
And he'd answer, in a big deep voice—"Ah bummed 'im!"
"What did yuh do wiv yer sister, Fred?!"
And then he'd grin—"Ha! . . . Ha! . . . Ha! . . ."

He was a big massive fucker, and every now and then he'd get a bit restless and go and do a bit of perving and they'd stick him inside for a bit. But mostly he was pretty harmless, and the only time anyone saw him get really mad was when Curly Bailey chucked an old steak and kidney pie at him from right over the other side of the street. It caught him right in the lug and sent him flying.

Outside the Carousel Cafe the street would be full of bikes—Nortons and Triumphs, 650s and 500s. All the tat—all the 197 and 250 rubbish—would be parked up the alley, well out of sight.

You could never get a seat in there on a Saturday afternoon. It got packed out, and very deadly. There was always one or two big buggers staggering around, pissed out of their minds and threatening to kick a few heads in. So you were careful to keep your gob shut and not stare at anybody and not look too much of a prat, or else you could end up like Collie Harris ended up one day—splayed out on the pavement outside the caff, covered in the Carousel's plate glass window after he'd asked Ken Johnson to "Pass the sugar, please".

Hang around there for a while, listening to all the bullshit. A couple of cokes, a few tanners in the jukebox, a few dirty jokes you'd heard before, and then out.

Up the High Street and into Frasers to buy some fags. You could nick quite a few if old man Fraser was out the back room, titting up his assistant. He usually was.

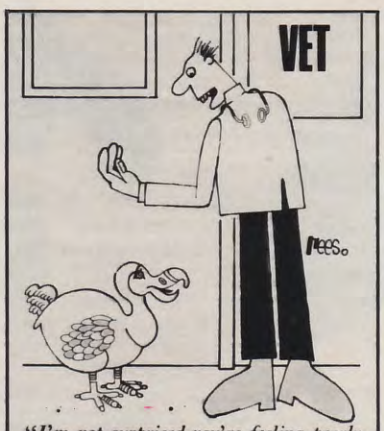
Next stop was Woolies. A couple of strolls round there and perhaps nick some sweets or chewing gum or something. It was hard to pinch fags in there because they kept them in a big glass cabinet, like they did in all their stores. The only way to get any was to chat up the ugly bint who worked on that counter. Nobody wanted to do that.

Nicking was a big thing. Nobody really wanted the stuff—it was more like a hobby, something to do. Every now and then there'd be a craze of it. Sweets and fags were the favourite items of interest, and Woolies, or else little corner shops run by old ladies, were the easiest places. Or you could try the brewery, which stocked tons of sweets and crisps and peanuts, and beer and lemonade. You had to break into there, so there was a lot more chance of getting done—but you could get loads more stuff.

It was quite interesting, some blokes really got carried away with the whole caper. Blokes like Billy, who built and fitted out a whole shed in his dad's allotment, all with things he'd lifted—timber, furniture, carpet, pictures for the walls, comics to read, the lot. Or there were the specialists. Like Alfie, who had a passion for grapes and once, on his way to the pictures, lifted a whole crate of them out of the back of a van, took it into the Gaumont with him, and ate the whole lot before the main film even started. Or Les, who preferred model airplane kits and ended up with the whole of the British, German and American airforces in his bedroom.

Woolies had a right miserable cunt for a store manager. If a mob of you gathered for a chat—which is what usually happened on a Saturday, because you'd meet a lot of people in there that you knew, and it was a kind of meeting-place—he'd tell you to move on and not block up the gangway.

"C'mon! . . . C'mon! . . . If you're not goin' to buy anythin', just move



"I'm not surprised you're feeling poorly —you've been extinct since 1680."

on . . . People can't get past . . . This isn't the place to stand around natterin' . . . Don't come it with me son! Go on!! Push off! ! ! . . ."

He was an ex-petty officer. Just because he bought his suits at Hepworths, instead of Burtons, he thought he was dead smooth.

So we'd stand around outside for a bit, among the prams and pushchairs, moaning and yattering and staring at all the fat babies full of Cow & Gate. Somebody would hand round the fags and then another stroll up the High Street and back, looking in all the shop windows at nothing.

Then into Woolies for another circuit. Perhaps see somebody you knew. Perhaps nick something.

Then into Fletchers, which sold dead ropey clothes but still the best you could get in that town. Though sometimes there was an off-chance of picking up something decent when they'd made a mistake in the ordering.

The assistant—a little bald cunt—got right worried with a great mob of you wandering in and filling up his shop. He thought that somebody was bound to lift something, and he'd run around in a great sweat, rubbing his hands together, trying to be polite and keep an eye on everybody at the same time.

"Yes sir . . . no sir . . . very good sir . . ."

We'd have a laugh asking to see styles he'd never heard of. He'd pretend he knew what you were talking about, but say he was out of stock of that particular item just at the moment. Then a couple of weeks later there it would be in his window. but of course he'd got it all wrong and it would be something really stupid that nobody would ever buy in a month of Sundays.

Out into the street again and wander along to Colesons, the record shop opposite the town hall. There was a whore called Dawn Chapman who worked in there, behind the counter. She was a bit fat, and mad as buggery, but a lot of blokes used to see something in her.

Dawn would play you loads of records, anything you asked for. Colesons hadn't got round to installing proper listening booths, instead there were a couple of little rooms round the back with chairs in them and top ten posters all over the walls. You could sit around in there all afternoon sometimes, without buying a thing. But after a while old Coleson would usually come a bit stroppy and tell Dawn to chuck us all out, him being too windy to do it himself.

It would be getting near five by now, so along to have a peer in Curry's window to see the results on their telly and somebody would hand the fags around.

Up the Carousel for about the tenth time. Frankie Rebel was generally lounging around in there about this time of day, drinking pints of milk one after the other.

Frankie had a big scar on his face that he got one night down outside

There's more to this thing...

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4 Add a large shot of crystal-clear Bacardi.
3 Top up with tonic.
2 Fuse with a twist of lemon or lime.
1 Close your eyes, sip, and just wait...

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Mac Fisheries when some tanked-up squaddy shoved a milk bottle up his nose. Rebel wasn't his proper name of course, but he fancied himself as a pop star, and if you were as famous as he was you had to have a flash name.

He worked as a cowman on a farm way out of town. Most Saturday afternoons you could see him in his wellies and some old army surplus jacket, riding through the High Street on a carthorse. Then, a few hours later, he'd turn up on the stage of the Queen's Hall—where the Saturday night dances were held—all ponced up in a red and black check suit. Behind him would be his backing group—the Zodiacs, who were two brothers with long blonde hair.

Frankie was all right, quite a laugh. But thick as bricks. He was always on about these songs he'd written, and how they were going to be big hits. Or he had a tour of the continent being fixed up. Or he had a record coming out soon.

Once he actually did cut a record. Up in London. It was murder for about three weeks afterwards. He packed in his job and swaggered around town in a new green suit. Stopping kids in the street and handing them fags that he'd specially autographed and telling them to make sure they bought his record when it came out.

He cut the A side first, and just as he was about to go to London again, to cut the B, some famous bloke like Cliff Richard brought out his version. Frankie's record company figured that, faced with the choice between Cliff Richard and Frankie Rebel, the British record-buying public wouldn't exactly take a long time to figure out how to spend their money. So Frankie's record stayed half-finished, that was the end of his top ten career and back he went to his wellies and the Queen's Hall.

By this time we'd be fed up with moping around town. So we'd all leave the caff and troop round to Ernie's house to have a few games of cards and listen to his Elvis records.

Ernie was a funny little sod. Although he was very skinny and weedy-looking, nobody ever gave him any bother after he had that dust-up with Albie Priddle down outside the Co-op.

Albie hadn't liked Ernie ever since he thought he saw Ernie eyeing up his bird one time down the Queen's. So when one night him and a load of his mates bumped into Ernie walking home on his own, they stopped him. Albie started to come all stroppy and grabbed Ernie by his lapels.

Albie let out a terrible long scream. What he hadn't known was that Ernie wore fish-hooks fixed on behind his jacket lapels just in case anybody happened to take a dislike to the state of his face and got hold of him to try and put the nut in.

Albie was really white and noisy. He couldn't let go, the hooks were in so deep. There was blood dripping from his fingers, his face was all screwed up and his gammy eye made him look very evil.

So the two of them were dancing around, jumping up and down and rolling all over the ground. Getting all shitted up and shouting and hollering and trying to nut each other. Although Albie was quite a big bloke he was getting the worst of it because he was so worried about his fingers.

After a while they both calmed down enough to sort themselves out. Ernie somehow managed to get his jacket off with Albie still attached to it. As you can imagine, that took a long time—it was like something out of 'Beat The Clock'. But Albie still couldn't get his fingers free—the hooks were so massive that they must have been for catching sharks or something.

So off he went to the hospital—which wasn't far, just up the hill—together with all his mates who were wetting themselves laughing. On the quiet they all thought Albie a bit of a burk, and only hung around with him because he was supposed to be hard.

Ernie followed on behind at a safe distance to make sure he got his jacket back, even though it was all covered in blood and messed up. He said he was going to have it dyed red, anyway.

Albie's hands were covered in bandages for weeks and everybody had a good giggle. Even Albie, who got a month off work with sick pay.

Ernie's house was a bit of a mess. His old woman was always out at work. We'd sit in his kitchen, playing pontoon for tanners, well out of the way of his old man George, who'd be in the front room, slumped in front of the telly watching his horses lose or his eight draws not come up.

George was a very peculiar man. He never said very much and was a real bastard to Ernie who thought, for some reason, that his dad was great and couldn't do a thing wrong.

Some Saturday nights George would get out of bed and dress up in his old commando outfit from the war. Then he'd creep around his neighbours' backyards, capturing as many of their cats as he could and bunging them into a big sack. He'd carry them back to his yard, tie them all up along the fence, slash all over them and then set them free and go back to bed.

The neighbours were forever complaining about him to the police, who'd visit him every now and then and tell him to lay off the pets. But they could never prove anything. And anyway they weren't sure if it was a crime or not.

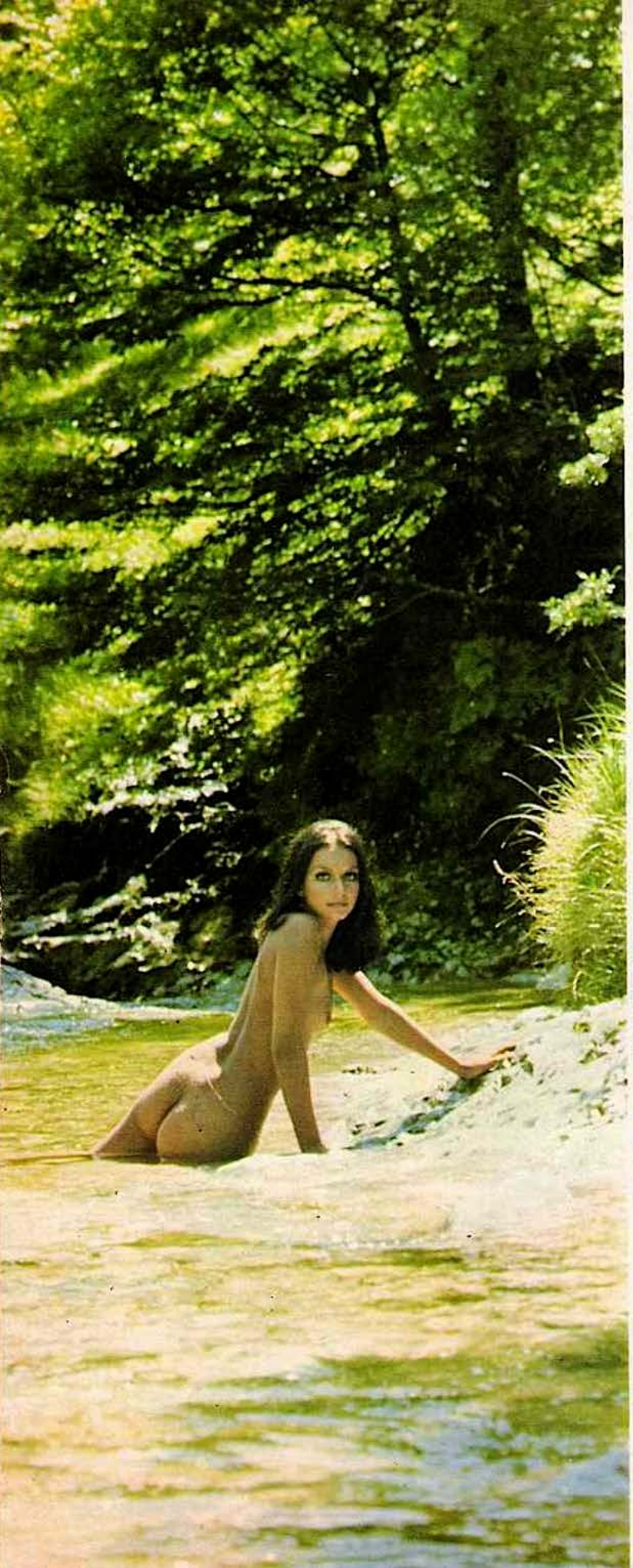
By the time you'd lost a few bob on the cards, and even Elvis was beginning to sound a bit boring, it would be about half-six and time to make a move. There was lots to do. You had to get home, scoff your tea down, have a wash and ponce yourself up ready for an evening of many delights down the Queen's Hall. So everybody would pile out of Ernie's place, arrange to meet a couple of hours later down the Castle Tap, and then clear off home.

And that was the end of another exciting, action-packed Saturday afternoon.

For another week, anyway!

Ladies of Leisure

Voyagers V.
Photographs by
Paul Noel
and Peter Basch



Les femmes of leisure share a luxury penthouse apartment with a splendid view overlooking Regent's Park. They enjoy the usual mod-cons including a sunken bath although the furniture is elegant but substantial Regency. All five work as personal secretaries to top executives and never talk shop at home. They say they have absolutely nothing in common except their jobs and their gender and argue this is why they get on like heather on fire.

Earlier this year they discovered they have yet something else in common; they were completely fed-up with the rotten weather and decided to head for the sun. They packed their toothbrushes and bikinis, hired a station wagon and chaperoned by, of all persons, a photographer, they set out in the direction of the Dalmatian archipelago. They wasted no time whatsoever getting across Europe, but, out of the respect they considered was due to an old and gracious lady, made it a point of saying "Arrivederci Venezio" properly—'properly' is in a gondola on the Grand Canal.

"We simply adored Venice." Sam is the apparent leader and official spokesman of our small band of photographic trippers. "Did you know Venice is built on 118 islands connected by 160 canals crossed by no fewer than 400 bridges? Fascinating. And so beautiful!

"The Grand Canal looks like a thousand Canalettos," Lyn says, "enlarged and put together, a magnificent assortment of Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance palaces."

"I must say Trieste came as a surprise," Sam continues. "We *expected* Venice to be beautiful. Trieste is just as beautiful in its own way and more relaxed than Venice, not being a tourist attraction."

"The old city consists of narrow winding streets extending down the hill to a large waterfront square, the Piazza dell 'Unita," Anne reminisces. "Here you can sit of an evening, sipping your

Campari, watching the sun set over the Adriatic."

"Oh, Anne! Stop!" the girls cry. "You're making us homesick for Trieste."

"Not me," Helen disagrees. "I liked Sarajevo better. It's strangely oriental."

"That's because Sarajevo fell under Turkish rule in 1429 where it remained for several centuries," Sam explains. "The Turks called it Bosna-Sarai."

"It's also the centre of the Moslem church in Yugoslavia, which accounts for all the Mosques we saw as well as the ancient oriental market which has been preserved," Cherry adds.

"It's called the Bas-Carsija," Helen says.

"What is?"

"The ancient oriental market is . . . *stupid*."

"We went to the very spot where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in 1914. He was the heir presumptive to the Hapsburg throne and his murder precipitated the First World War.

"After leaving Sarajevo," Sam continues, "we motored to Dubrovnik where we worshipped the sun for the first time."

"Speak for yourself, dear," Lynn chides. "I visited the 14th-century custom house and mint as well as the rectors' palace which was constructed in 1464, and the cloisters of the 14th-century Franciscan and Dominican monasteries."

"There's a small island just off the shore called Lokrum Island, where Richard I was shipwrecked in 1190. Isn't that interesting?" Helen asks.

"We abandoned the car at Dubrovnik and went island hopping," Sam is suddenly animated, "The islanders are very friendly people and it's easy to get a fisherman to take you on to the next island or back to the mainland. We always offered payment, of course, but not one fisherman would accept it. On several occasions they even took us all home for a meal."

"I felt rather sorry for the wives, being lumbered with five big girls for a meal," Helen admits.

"Nonsense," Sam says, defensively. "They were simple meals consisting of bread, cheese and wine and the fishermen and their wives enjoyed it as much as we did. Mljet was the first island we hit. It has three sweet water lakes and two grottoes and emits sulphur fumes. We spent three days at Babino Polje, eating olives and grapes, drinking wine and basking in the sun. It was lovely. Then we went on to Korcula."

"Would you believe it?" Helen interrupts. "Korcula is the birthplace of Marco Polo!"

"And Hvar," Lynn adds, "is known as a 'museum of architecture and art'." Sam has been quietly deposed. "It has a 12th-century cathedral, a 14th-century arsenal, a Renaissance loggia and 16th-century Spanish and Venetian forts, as well as a Franciscan church and monastery."

"It's also famous for growing chrysanthemums," Helen pronounces.

"We didn't like Brac at all," Lynn continues. "It's the largest of the Dalmatian islands and the least attractive. Solta's just off the mainland and is famous for its bee-keeping . . . We also visited Split, which is famous for its Palace of Diocletian which was begun in 295 A.D.," Anne relates.

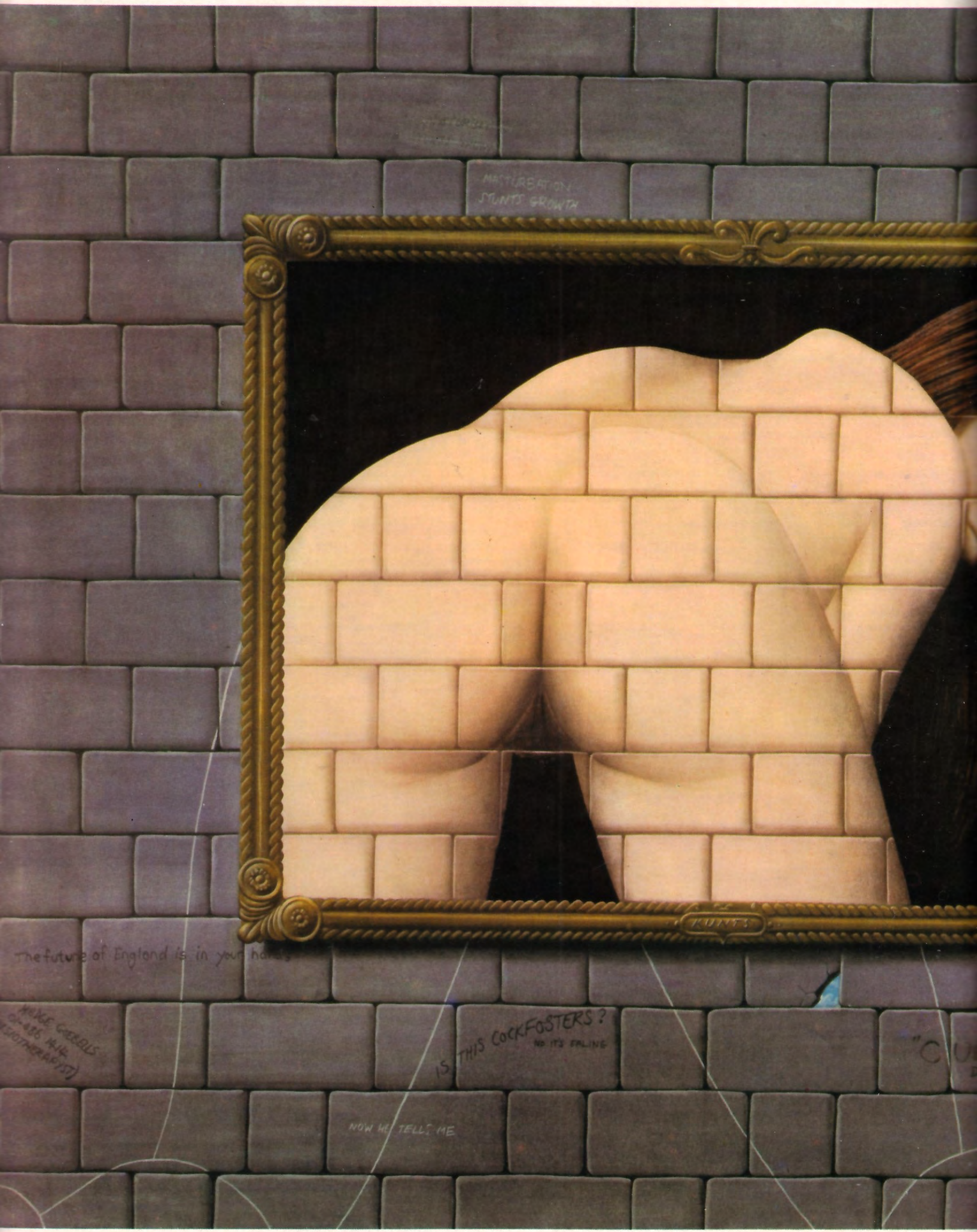
"Actually *Marasca* is grown in the vicinity," Helen whispers, confidentially, "but don't tell anybody."

"We were able to sunbathe *au naturel*," Cherry continues. "Vis was a Greek colony in ancient times. The ancient baths and mosaic pavements are divine."

"After collecting the car at Dubrovnik," Sam continues, "we motored south along the coast as far as the Albanian frontier via Hercegnovi, Zelenika, Budova and Ulcinj."

"Ulcinj is the centre of Yugoslav sea-salt production," Helen states.

The penny's probably dropped. Just in case it hasn't: Helen's a walking-talking-encyclopaedia of useless information.


MASTURBATION
STUNTS GROWTH
CUNTS
The future of England is in your hands
IS THIS COCKFOSTERS?
NO IT'S EALING
NOW HE TELLS ME

The Writing on the Wall

What urges a man to scrawl on a public wall, or write an obscene or erotic letter . . . Karl Steiner explains

The four-letter word, crudely scrawled upon a lavatory wall, and the long, complex, erotic novel, beautifully printed on fine paper in an expensive binding of tooled leather, although poles apart in *content*, are almost identical in *intent* and in the basic compulsions present in the human male that caused them to be written.

A sweeping statement, you may think. Agreed, but one which we propose to justify in the course of this article. The need for the male to express himself sexually is as old as history itself. A study of the primitive scratchings and daubings of the ancient cave dwellers bears ample testimony to this fact, also to a positive obsession with the penis and testicles and, to a lesser extent, the breasts and vulva.

In relation to our theme, we will ask ourselves two questions: Why? and How?

We have already cited the two, extreme answers to the latter query, but between these there is a wide assortment of other means of expression, the most significant of which is the erotic letter and the vast web of correspondence that has been created through the medium of "Pen Clubs" and "Contact" magazines. We will study the phenomenon of the erotic letter in due course, but first let us attempt to answer the question, Why?

What is it that makes a man produce a piece of crayon from his pocket and announce to the world at large. "I have a nine-inch prick", or "I fucked ten women last night??"

(Incidentally, all the graffiti and letters quoted in this article are genuine examples culled from lavatory walls, correspondence deriving from an experimental pen club, founded for purposes of research, and advertisements placed in several popular contact magazines.)

What is it that makes a man sit down and write a long, obscene letter, and then post it to a girl he has never even seen?

And what is it that drove men such as Leopold von Sacher Masoch and Donatien-Alphonse-François, the Marquis de Sade, to devote much of their lives to pouring out upon paper millions of words of the most intensely erotic prose the world has seen? They certainly did not do it for money, because it is only since their death that fortunes have been made out of publishing their works.

The answer to all the above questions is the same one, and it is this.

Excluding the material produced *solely* for financial reward (and this is less than one might think, for most pornographers have mixed motives), the root cause of all pornography or erotica—call it what you will—is one, or some combination, of the following, closely linked factors:

a) A sense of inferiority and inadequacy,
b) Fantasy,
c) Exhibitionism,
d) Desire for masturbatory stimulation,
e) Loneliness.

We will consider each in turn.

a) There is an aphorism which says, "Those who can, do. Those who cannot, teach." Just substitute the word "write" or "draw" for "teach" and you have the main reason for the torrents of pornography that are produced every day.

b) Writers of erotica create a fantasy world of their own to compensate for what is often an unsatisfactory, authentic existence. In any field of writing, the author identifies with his characters, who become very real to him. The less actual experience the writer has had, the cruder and more exaggerated is likely to be his output. Conversely, the greater the actual experience, the more subtle and imaginative will be the writings.

The former will concentrate wholly upon the physical, with the emphasis predominantly upon the penis (which is the sole source of sexual pleasure for many men) while the latter, although describing the physical (but in far more lyrical prose, and taking in the entire body, not just the genital organs) will also bring in the psychological side of sex, which, to the true connoisseur of eroticism, is equally important, if not more so, than fleshly lust.

The connoisseur understands that sexual pleasure is as much cerebral as carnal and that the ramifications of the human mind are infinite, whereas bodily functions can be catalogued under relatively few, basic headings. There is much truth in the well-worn phrase, "It's all in the mind"!

Reducing the matter to its simplest terms, and deliberately oversimplifying, the former—the crude, lavatory wall graffiti—is pornography, while the latter is erotica. *But they are both fundamentally the same.* Were the lavatory writers and artists better educated and of a more sensitive nature, they might rival Miller

Illustration by John Holmes

nd Beardsley, whereas the two last-amed, had their birth and up-ringing been less favourable, might ave found themselves defiling lava-ry walls.

One might say with some justifica-on that pornography is the poor an's erotica!

(c) There exists in almost all of us rather perverse desire to shock, or, least, to draw attention to our-lves or to our work. In the sexual here, this desire can come to have mense significance and, in extreme ses, is the only form of stimulation cessary.

Few writers on lavatory walls can ford to hang around to enjoy the fect their endeavours has on others. om their point of view, this is just well, because they would be singu-rly disappointed! The poorer the iter or artist, the more inflated e opinion he holds regarding the ality of his work. But he *imagines* ack to fantasy again) the effect his rk will have on others and thereby ts his craving for exhibitionism atified.

In the same way, writers of obscene ters and erotic novels have to entify with the unknown reader. ne may think that this is a very or substitute for true exhibitionism, t there is not all that much differ-ce. The man who exposes himself m the window of a passing train s very little time to relish the effect his display.

(d) There is not the slightest doubt at the act of writing down erotic aterial, coupled with the fantasies oked in the process, serves as a werful stimulation to many men, d is frequently accompanied by sturbation. When, later, we ex-mine some erotic writings in detail, shall find that a lot of letters start th a reasonable degree of control, t suddenly become frenzied in their e of hyperbole and four letter rds, reach a crescendo, which most certainly coincides with the iter's ejaculation, and then fizzle t abruptly as lust evaporates.

A great many 'masturbatory let-rs' are destroyed immediately after gasm, the writer, back with his et on the ground, becoming dis-sted with himself, but a proportion rvive the ebb of carnal desire and t posted on the next flood tide.

A man whose vision of reality is ouded by the red mist of rutting st will post off material he would ver dream of sending out when in more rational state of mind. His ental condition as he drops the tter through the slot in the pillar-x is akin to that of his less literate other as, in a transport of sexual pture, he writes 'fuck' on the lava-ry wall. They are both temporarily balanced.

(e) There is much genuine loneli-ss in the world and an exchange erotic letters is the only sexual citement some unfortunates ever ve. Before condemning this out of nd as deviant and corrupt, reflect r a few moments upon the plight the disabled, the deformed and the ysically repulsive. Just because a an has a hideous countenance and grotesque body, this does not mean he is not possessed of sexual yearnings like the rest of us.

Having now dealt briefly with the five main reasons 'why', let us turn our attention to 'how' and, in so doing, also expand upon some of the points already raised.

Since we are confining a vast subject to a relatively short article, we must limit our detailed examination of the methods of expression to the three mentioned at the beginning—the two extremes and one in the middle, viz:

1: Graffiti,
2: Erotic letters,
3: Erotic novels.

These are, in any case, three of the most important and widespread forms of literary release. Others include limericks, dirty jokes, verse, short stores and magazine features—possibly even this one, for we, ourselves, are but human! The reader may like to conjecture regarding *our* particular motive, but, if it *is* anything other than financial, we claim it must be (c)—Exhibitionism—although in the nicest possible sense!

Graffiti range from the single word examples to laborious feats of penmanship, some of which must have demanded almost acrobatic skills to reach seemingly inaccessible parts of the architecture. In addition to the crude sex material, one sees many quite amusing offerings, also some enigmatic ones—for example, "Keep the Pope off the moon". Then, of course, there are old 'chestnuts' such as:

"*One would have thought with all this wit Shakespeare himself came here to shit.*"

This is usually placed in a conspicuous position upon a heavily inscribed wall.

A large proportion of graffiti is of a homosexual nature, ranging from the unequivocal, but totally anonymous "Lovely bum waiting for a good stiff prick" to detailed instructions for making a contact, such as: "Every Saturday, 8 p.m. End bog. Go into the one next door and whistle 'Land of Hope and Glory'—Frank".

It is likely that 'Frank' has no intention whatsoever of keeping the appointment, but the thought of what *might* happen if he did provides the required stimulation.

Now let us pass on to an examination of erotic letters.

These fall into five main groups:

A: Letters to magazines (usually asking for name and address to be withheld),

B: Anonymous letters to females,

C: Letters exchanged through pen clubs and contact magazines,

D: Letters paid for in cash—a 'service' widely advertised in contact magazines,

E: Letters for which a fee is charged. The same as D, but we wish to consider the writer as distinct from the recipient.

There is also a further, extremely significant distinction to be made. This is the one between 'active' and 'passive' correspondence, which have their respective and exact counterparts in the complementary deviations, exhibitionism and voyeurism.

The active correspondent is really interested only in writing. Whether he receives an answer or not, provided he knows his letters are received and read, matters little to him. His output forms a large part of Group A, all of B and about four-fifths of C.

The passive correspondent only puts pen to paper when he has to in order to provoke more letters from active writers. His stimulation comes from reading about the exploits—real or fantasied—of others. His meagre output forms the other fifth of Group C and he is the recipient of all Group D.

Group E letters emanate from active types who have found that they can mix business with pleasure.

Let us consider each Group in turn:

A: Most men who write to the editors of erotically accented magazines do so for precisely the same reasons which impel others to produce graffiti, but, in certain cases, there is an important, additional purpose. This is an attempt to stir up interest—and further correspondence—on some, particular subject regarding which the writer has a fixation. Here is part of a typical example:

"I wonder how many of your readers are as interested in knickers as I am. To me, knickers are the most exciting garment a girl can wear and I love to see a plump, firm bottom straining out against a thin, almost transparent pair of knickers. I have a large collection of all types of knickers and I sometimes actually wear knickers myself and masturbate into them."

We spare readers the remainder of this knickers-ridden epistle, which was clearly written by a buttocks fetishist, to whom the word 'knickers' is probably the most stimulating combination of letters in the English language. He will have enjoyed a thrill each time he wrote it and an even bigger kick when he read his feeble piece in the magazine. We wonder how it ever got into print (along with many of its kind). The editor must surely have been desperately short of material, unless he was, himself, a rabid knickers-man. (*Knickers to you Mr. Steiner—Ed.*)

The writer undoubtedly lived in hope that future issues of the magazine would contain further letters, sparked off by his own, dealing with his pet subject and mentioning the 'magic' word many times.

Similar words that carry a high emotive charge for many men include 'rubber', 'leather', 'spanking', 'bondage', 'discipline', 'nipples', 'buttocks'—the list is a long one. Letters of this type form a large part of the correspondence section of some magazines, and in certain cases, constitute the major feature of the entire publication.

B: Anonymous letters sent to females are generally a mixture of exhibitionism and sadism, which are closely related deviations in some ways. They are designed to shock, to outrage and to frighten, and are almost always accompanied by masturbation as they are composed and written. Here is a typical example: (Note the relatively low-key start, the rapid build-up, the crescendo—coinciding with the writer's ejaculation—and the precipitous declination. Note, also, the low standard of literacy.)

"Dear Miss,

I seen your advert, in 'Lonely' and can just imagine your lovely 37-23-36 body. You say you're dark and that's just how I like my women—dark and hairy. You also say you like sex-fun, well, darling, I can give you plenty of that, believe me. As I write this I'm undoing my flies and taking out my huge prick. There, it's out now and, my God, what a size it is! You will love it. I say 'will' because I'm coming to get you. I know the magazine people—they're mates of mine—and I have your name and address.

My prick is soon going to dominate your life, my darling, take it from me. I'm going to have you and it's no use trying to escape. You're going to get it all roads. I'm going to stuff you back and front, in your mouth and up your nose. I come tremendous. You've never seen nothing like it the way I come. I'm going to have you in every way possible. You don't know what a shag's like until you've had my nine-inch tool in you. You're going to get it night and day. Just think about it.

With love from a *real man.*"

This is just as crude and unbelievable as the boastful, four-letter graffiti on the lavatory wall, *but it is far less innocuous.* The graffiti are seen only by other men and carry no direct threat. Many such letters are sent to women whose names are selected from the telephone directory in the same manner as the telephone numbers of victims of obscene phone calls.

Owners of ladies' hair-dressing salons are popular targets, also any females who have their full Christian names printed in the directory. The Post Office advise against the practice for this very reason.

Obscene letters—*and we do not argue that these are not obscene*—can be extremely disturbing to those of a nervous disposition and all such *unsolicited* correspondence should be handed to the authorities. While we see no harm in an exchange of erotic letters—four-letter words and all—*between people who want them*, we hold no brief for the type of activity just described, which is the literary equivalent of the exhibitionist who terrorises women and children by exposing himself to them in the park and uttering threats. *It is not so much the actual contents of the letters which are obscene, but the sadistic intent behind them and the victimisation of people who have no interest in these things.*

C: Letters exchanged through pen clubs and contact magazine form the bulk of all erotic correspondence and cover every conceivable sexual practice. They are, primarily, an outlet for fantasy and, especially for the passive correspondent, a means of gleaning information on the particular deviations which fascinate him. A number of men become obsessive correspondents (mainly of the active type) and the writing of letters, coupled with masturbation, is their only form of sex-life. But there are

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some, perhaps surprising, exceptions, especially on the passive side. Let us consider a typical case:

A 41-year-old bank clerk, happily married by conventional standards, with two children, has always been obsessed by *the idea* of deviation. His own sex-life with his wife is 'normal', insofar as this word has any meaning in this connection, but, during foreplay and intercourse, he always fantasizes, and so does his wife, although the subject matter of their fantasies differs widely.

His own revolve around rubber and sado-masochism, perpetual bondage and the like, while his wife's centre upon bi-sexuality and being ravaged by a group of sweating men, all possessed of immense organs. Sometimes, we understand, the organs become disembodied, grow to an enormous size and lead an existence of their own. The couple discuss their fantasies with one another quite freely, have a good sense of humour and enjoy many laughs over the absurdity of most of the imagined situations. *In our view, this is almost the ideal marriage.* Sex *can* be funny. It is a pity more people do not have the good sense to realise this.

To feed their fantasies—and out of sheer curiosity—they often advertise in contact magazines, sometimes as a single male, sometimes as a female, and sometimes as a couple, stating proclivites for certain deviations regarding which they wish to know more. They are seldom disappointed by the outcome. The only adverts, that draw a meagre response are those purporting to originate from single males with no interest in homosexual practices.

Insertions made in the guise of a single female, particularly those indicating an interest in rubber fetishism and sado-masochism, invariably provoke an overwhelming response from active writers—sometimes over 100 replies to a single insertion. The all-time record of 157 replies was in response to the following advertisement placed in 'Way-Out' some four years ago:

"High Priestess of Venus, supreme connoisseuse of the bizarre, regularly officiating at Ritual in her private Temple of Rubber, requires virile, male slaves for Submission. Interested voyeurs of both sexes are also invited to write."

A compilation of selected replies to this advertisement, which, admittedly, is out of the common run, would serve as a useful reference book for all students of deviant psychology, for many of the letters obviously came from well educated men with a deep knowledge of the subject. *It is an undeniable fact that, the higher the level of education, the greater the appreciation of esotericism and sophistication.*

In the main, the replies, although motivated by similar, basic urges, were, *in content*, the antithesis of the crude, four letter inscriptions on the lavatory wall. We quote an example, this time in full, because the style and subject matter, we feel, is far less likely to bore readers than the puerile ravings of the repetitive knickers fetishist.

"Dear Madam,

Your advertisement in 'Way-Out' has come to my attention and I feel compelled to write to you offering my services in the capacity of slave in your Temple of Rubber. Yours is, without doubt, the most exciting advertisement I have ever seen in any magazine and, unlike so many, has a ring of authenticity about it.

I am 42 years of age, virile, fit, well-muscled, rather hirsute and considered good looking. My penis is of normal size. I make no vain boasts. I have had much experience as a sex slave to beautiful women both in this country and on the Continent, where, two years ago, I spent a month in perpetual bondage to an Italian countess in the sound-proofed basement of her villa near Naples.

I know exactly what is expected of a slave, both in respect of ritual submission and private service and have no inhibitions other than that I will on no account submit to any treatment which may result in permanent injury (this includes permanent scars), since I take an immense pride in my body and general appearance.

As you, being a connoisseuse, will appreciate, this pride I have in my appearance renders me all the more suitable a candidate for humiliation and I sincerely hope that *my* knowledge of this, coupled with the fact itself, will make you view my application with favour.

I am available almost any weekend from Friday evening until late Sunday and am prepared, if required, to make arrangements for longer periods of submission. I have no objection to complete depilation.

Your humble servant, H.K.H."

We may be biased, but to us that is a powerfully erotic letter, even though it contains not a single crudity and an almost disparaging reference to the genitals. It is a 'cerebral' letter—the hallmark of a true connoisseur of eroticism.

It was not, of course, what the advertiser wanted. He (we exclude his wife from this one, because her fantasies are not SM orientated) was looking for explicitness, and this he also got in plenty, as the following, brief extract illustrates:

"I want to be utterly helpless, bound and gagged, and wallow in the thrall of perfumed rubber as you stand over me, dominant in your high-heeled boots, and mock my harnessed virility. I have a large collection of phallic jackets and restraining harness of all kinds, including one with a scrotal dividing strap that widely separates my testicles and makes them bulge out against the tautened skin of the pouch so that you can see them twitching."

With these two letters, it is impossible to say whether they are genuine (i.e. whether the writers, given the opportunity, would follow up the contact and actually submit to bondage) or whether they are just part of masturbation fantasies. The latter is more probable, although there are cases—and we know of three ourselves—in which letter writing has led to physical enslavement.

Taking the exchange of correspondence as a whole, most of it is sufficient in itself to provide the required titallation, and only a minute percentage of the letters written ever result in meetings, let alone sexual relations. With the exception of the obsessive, active letter writer, the novelty soons wears off. After half a dozen exchanges, everything has been said and a sense of anti-climax is inevitable. One cannot keep topping oneself in respect of claims regarding sexual athleticism without introducing an element of farce into the situation. Writers of pornographic novels are up against the same difficulty, as we shall see later.

D & E: Letters which change hands for cash can be regarded as literary prostitution. This is a recent phenomenon which coincided with the advent of the contact magazine, in which adverts such as the following are common:

"Ex-nurse, will write of her experiences in giving enemas, etc. £1·00 for long letter." Or "Schoolmistress, in need of extra funds, will describe her unique methods of corporal punishment. £1·50 for a revealing letter."

There are similar advertisements catering for all tastes. The men who read these letters must realise that they are entirely fictional, but this does not seem to matter. They know they will get, *in highly condensed form*, precisely what they want to read about, which, from their point of view, alas, is better than having to plough through a lengthy novel to pick out the juicy bits, and, since they are passive correspondents, or literary voyeurs, and have no interest in writing themselves, they are saved the labour required to keep an exchange, even a one-sided one, going.

The men (and most of them *are* men, even though they advertise as women to promote higher sales) who write the letters are extremely active correspondents who see no reason why they should not also be paid for something which they would be doing anyway. If they can get away with it, good luck to them!

There is much more that we could write about erotic letters—enough to fill a large book—but we must move on now to a consideration of the highest form of sexual literature, the erotic novel.

To have a chance of real success, this must be largely cerebral. Any author who relies solely upon the physical will have exhausted his stock of raw material by the end of the first chapter or two. There is only a limited number of ways in which sexual intercourse can be described, even including deviations, and this, coupled with the fact that there must never be an anti-climax, renders the task of the ill-educated, unimaginative pornographer an almost insuperable one.

The only way he can keep the pot boiling is to drag in more and more men with even larger organs and grosser appetites to accommodate an ever-increasing number of nymphomaniacs with even more enormous breasts and sexual voracity. The situation rapidly gets out of hand and becomes both impossible and ludicrous.

This type of trash is no better than the crudest graffiti—in fact it is not so good because it lacks succinctness and brevity. The basic reasons for its being written are the same, even though attempts are made to make the material financially rewarding. The market for this piffle is limited and the producers can never hope to make the 'big-time'.

It is a characteristic of the commercially successful erotic novel, which sells by the million (the books by Harold Robbins, for example) and which are written with a high degree of competence, if not good taste, that most forms of deviation are dealt with explicitly, and the rest by implication. This is because the author knows what the public wants, and he is out to cater for every possible taste. He realises that most people's sex-lives are entirely without adventure and that men, in particular, are greatly titillated by the fantasies evoked by reading about deviation and excess, which, even given the opportunity, few would ever dream of practising themselves. Yet again, one can say with justification, "It's all in the mind."

But the novels of Harold Robbins, Norman Mailer and the like are written primarily for financial gain, not for sexual release, and thus have little in common with graffiti and erotic letters insofar as motive is concerned, unless, of course, as many will argue, the modern, commercial sex novel is simply an extension of the activities of the active erotic letter writer who finds he can sell his outpourings—literary prostitution. Food for thought!

When we consider the classic, erotic novels, however: 'Venus in Furs', 'The Black Czarina', 'Justine', 'Juliette', etc., there is no doubt at all that they were written without any thought of profit, but solely as a means of sexual release.

Incidentally, the works of Sacher Masoch are infinitely more sensitive, subtle and beautiful (yes, beautiful is not out of place) than those of de Sade, just as the masochist tends to be far more educated and refined a person than the sadist.

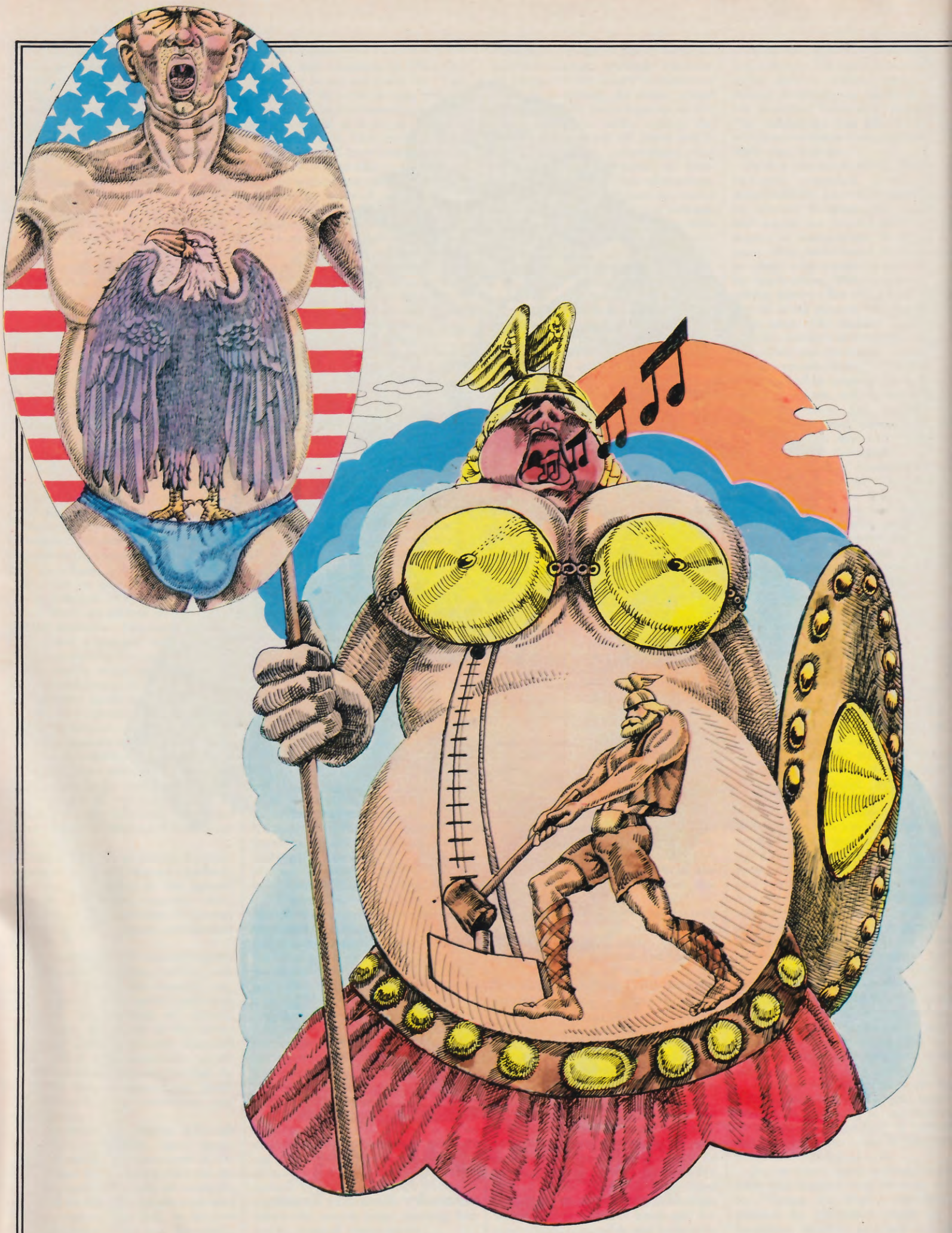
To become a masochist requires great imagination and a capacity to perceive the sublime (Sacher Masoch described the condition as 'supersensual') because masochism is a deviation that owes its very existence to the power of fantasy. A sadist, on the other hand, requires little imagination to gratify his urge to wreck and defile, since the seeds of his animalistic deviation are inherent in all mankind, as we know to our cost. Skin-heads, leather-clad Hell's Angels and foul-mouthed Boot Boys are the current manifestation of the trait.

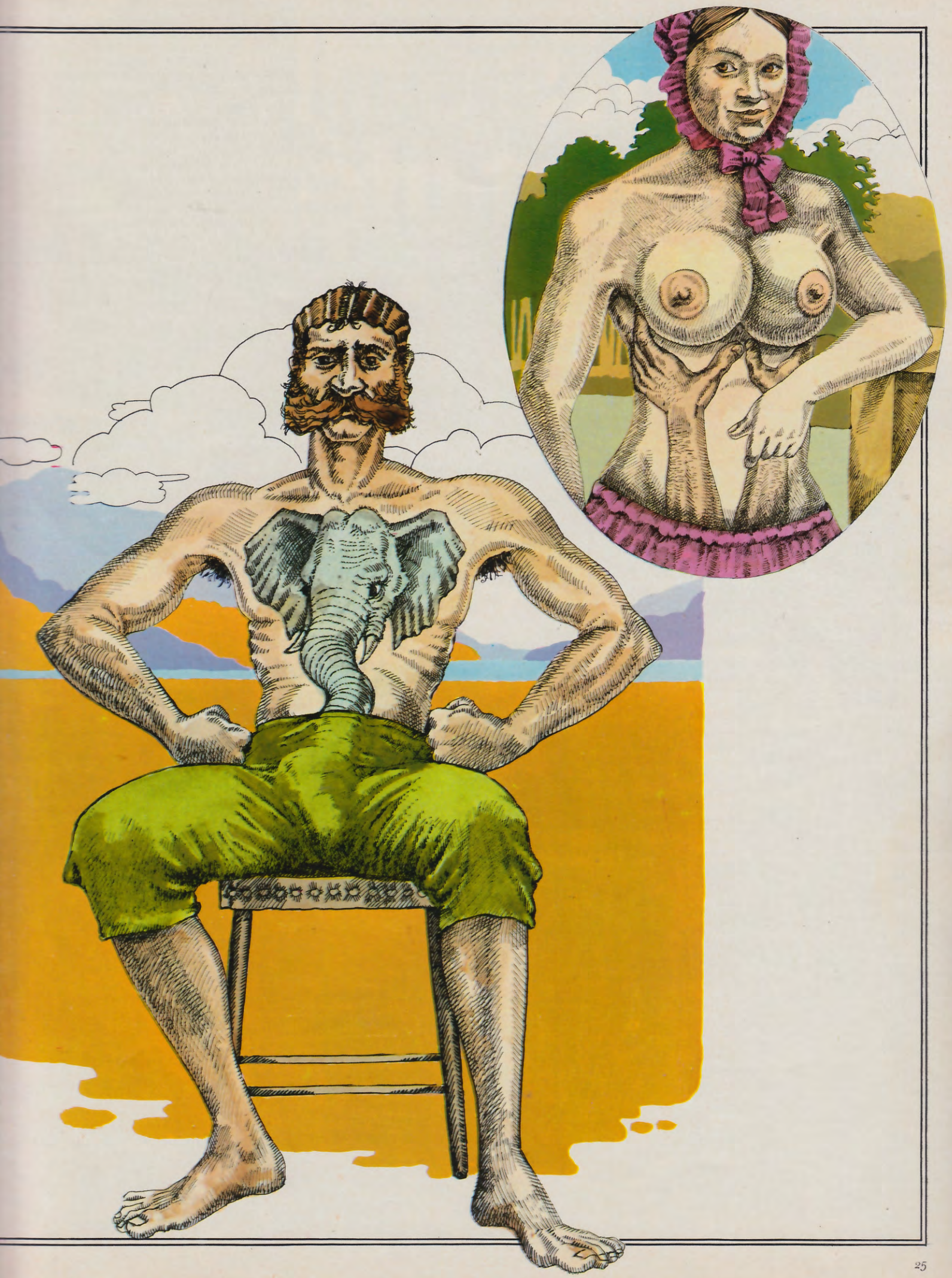
This does not, however, mean that sadism cannot be refined and sophisticated. It frequently is and, indeed, to satisfy the masochist, *it must be*, but, unlike masochism, it does not require sensitivity to exist.

So, we have come a long way—from fuck daubed on a lavatory wall to 'Venus in Furs', exquisitely printed on gilt-edged paper in a luxurious binding of finest calves-skin. We hope we have made the connection clear.

TATTOO MUCH

Humour in a jugular vein—by Ron McTrusty





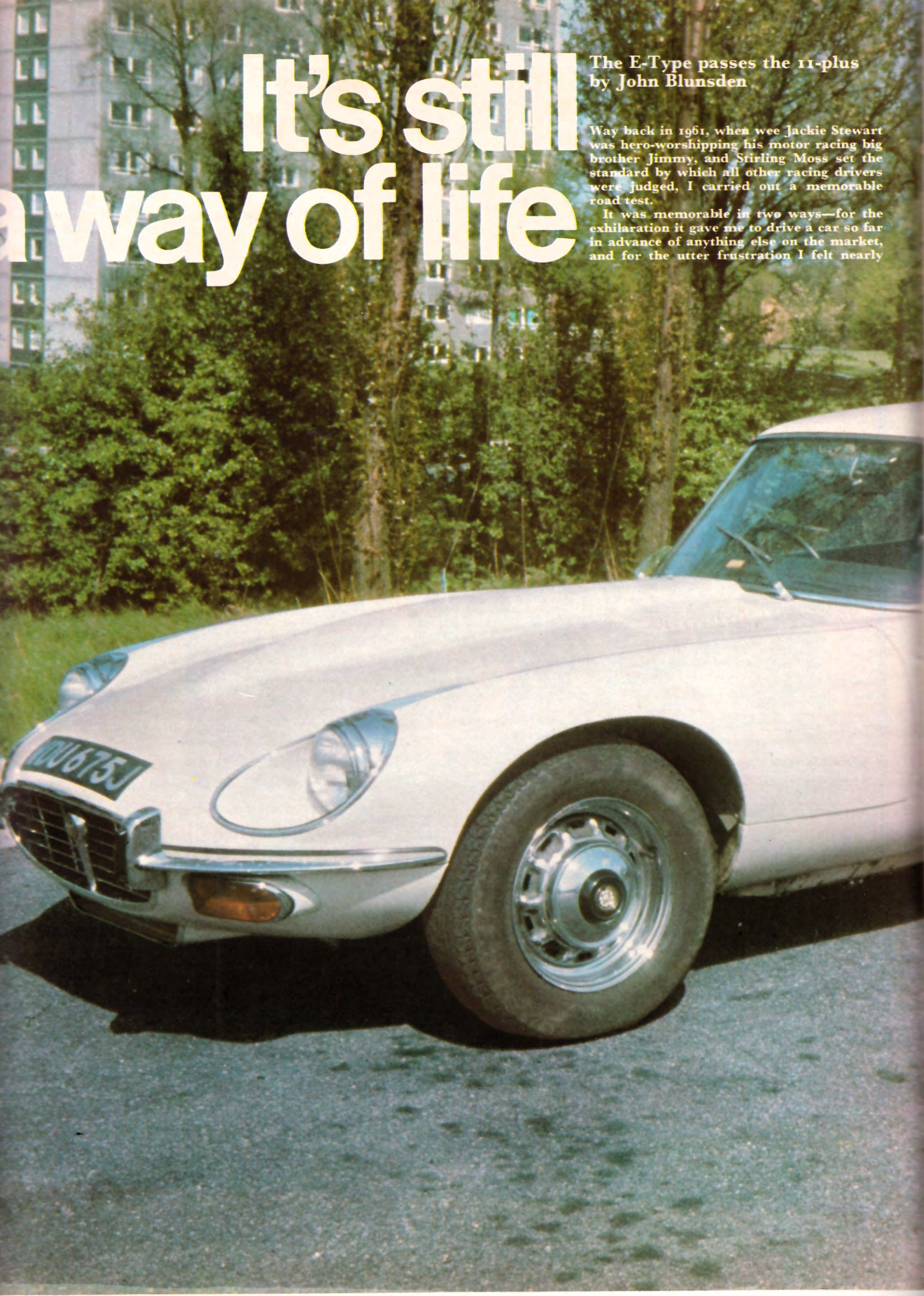
It's still a way of life

The E-Type passes the 11-plus

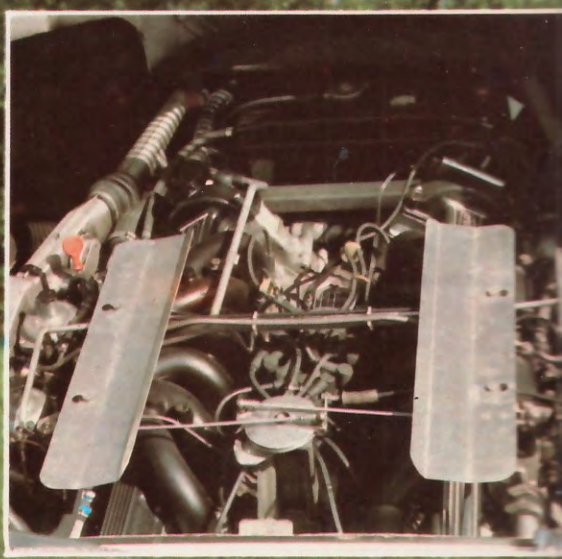
by John Blunsden

Way back in 1961, when wee Jackie Stewart was hero-worshipping his motor racing big brother Jimmy, and Stirling Moss set the standard by which all other racing drivers were judged, I carried out a memorable road test.

It was memorable in two ways—for the exhilaration it gave me to drive a car so far in advance of anything else on the market, and for the utter frustration I felt nearly



ry time I stopped.
he car, needless to say, was the still-new
ar E-Type (destined to become one of
all-time classics), and the frustration
caused by the barrage of questions
the throng of humanity which surrounded
ery time I dared to give the handbrake
and the ignition switch a turn. (How-
thusiastic you may become over a
get just the tiniest bit tired of your
ce when you've heard all the
s a dozen times in the last hour.)
reat deal has changed during these
last 11 years, or perhaps it would be fairer



to say that much of what has changed (and quite a lot has gone on beneath the skin of an E-Type) is not immediately apparent. The shape is substantially the same, and so, to judge from a recent road test (this time of a Series 3), is the enthusiasm on the sidewalks. The E-Type continues to attract the crowds in a way which I cannot recall any other relatively mass-produced car doing, certainly none which has graced the highways for over a decade.

This, surely, is the finest accolade which could be bestowed on those responsible for the car's original conception, from the recently retired Sir William Lyons down. Jaguar had long proved their flair for producing eye-catching shapes on wheels, but even they set new standards when they moulded the sleek lines of the E-Type.

A hint of the shape to come was first seen at Le Mans, the scene of five historic victories for Jaguar during the Fifties with their C-Types and D-Types. They produced a road-going version of the 'D', which they named the 'XK SS', but after a few had been built this formidable road-burner became a victim of the disastrous factory fire at Coventry, and its further production was abandoned.

But a development of the D-Type was seen on the world's race tracks when the wealthy American sports car driver-entrant Briggs Cunningham ordered a special lightweight version with smoothed-out bodywork. This was to be the prototype of the E-Type shape.

When eventually the car became a production road model it was offered as an open two-seater, with the option of a hardtop, and as a sleek two-seater coupe. Later, when demand for a more roomy two-plus-

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WORLD WIDE

two had to be met, there were fears that the uniquely beautiful lines of the two-seater coupe would be destroyed. But somehow the Jaguar stylists managed to find the necessary internal space with the minimum of disruption of the smoothly contoured external shape, only the more pronounced jump-up of the front screen being slightly out of key.

More recently, the longer wheelbase of the two-plus-two has been adopted as a norm, so that the open two-seater now has the benefit of a more spacious cockpit (still with a hardtop option) as well as an even more elegant side elevation, while the coupe is only made as a two-plus-two.

In the recent past, of course, the big change has been the adoption of the impressive 5·3 litre V12 engine as an alternative to the ubiquitous six-cylinder twin-ohc XK unit which has powered everything in the Jaguar range from the original XK120 of 1949. What a magnificent history that power unit has had, both on the road and on the race tracks. Designed by Bill Heynes, it was a difficult engine for any engineer to follow, but Walter Hassan (like Heynes, now retired) and Harry Mundy have managed to come across with a worthy successor in their very smooth and sophisticated V12.

Like the car itself, the V12 engine has a racing pedigree, or at least it would have had, had Jaguar not been obliged to abandon their earlier decision to return to Le Mans with a 5-litre sports car. The 12-cylinder engine was designed purely as a racing power unit (with the possibility of a road version at a later date), and consequently the accent was on maximum top-end power. Several examples were built and put on the test bed, each with four overhead camshafts, fuel injection and electronic ignition, and an output of 502 horsepower was produced from those 5 litres.

Then came the decision not to return to racing, due to the company's ever-increasing order book for their road cars and their preoccupation with the need to increase production capacity to meet the demand. Work on the racing V12 was stopped, and then channelled into a new area; the design team were given the brief to convert it into a road-going power unit.

By this time we were in a very changing world, in which pollution was beginning to loom large. Every year America were either introducing or threatening ever-more-stringent anti-emission laws, and like all European engine designers, the Jaguar team were having constantly to look over their shoulders at the new rule books as they continued their development work on the V12. As a result, its specification changed considerably along the way, but the end product is probably quieter, smoother and more flexible as a result, as well as meeting all the mandatory conditions as regards emissions, and the ability to run on the new low-octane, lead-free fuels being introduced across the Atlantic.

In its final form the V12 engine produces 314 horsepower (which makes it about 45 horsepower more powerful than the 4·2 litre six-cylinder). It is, therefore, very lightly stressed, and capable of considerable further development . . . but to what end? Where is the incentive if the ingenuity and expertise of the design engineers are to be curbed by regulations which forbid the sale of their efforts? Perhaps, if Jaguar were to return to the race tracks . . . but that's another story! Meanwhile, the E-Type in V12 form is no slow-coach, believe me!

There are problems in performance-testing a car of this calibre on roads where there is supposed to be a 70 mph speed limit and where off-road facilities are, to say the least, limited. It is comforting, therefore, to have a set of genuine figures supplied by Jaguar's engineering department as a yardstick of performance, and then provide your own confirmation that the test car is up to standard by selecting two or three sample acceleration times. Jaguar say the two-plus-two with manual transmission will hit 60 mph from rest in 6·4 seconds; that's exactly what I made it, too. They say 80 mph takes 10·45 seconds; 'mine' took 10·6 (so maybe I was a fraction slow on a gear-shift). 'The ton' comes up in 16·15 seconds according to the engineers (would you settle for 16 seconds flat?), and 120 mph in 25·4 seconds (I beat that, too, but admit I was probably on a very slight downgrade). Sufficient, therefore, to confirm that the 12-cylinder Jaguar makes mincemeat of most other cars' acceleration figures. I also confirmed that it will cover a quarter of a mile from rest in under a quarter of a minute, and I saw 145 mph on the steady speedometer before having to back off, which suggested a maximum of close on 150 mph. Third gear is good for about 115 mph, second for 85 and first for 55, just in case someone challenges you to a 'stoplight grand prix'.

But though the power is impressive, the engine's most attractive features are its flexibility and smoothness right across the dial. Some 12-cylinder engines tend to be 'lumpy' and intractible at low revs, but the Jaguar will pull strongly from well under 1,000 revs, right through to the red line at 6,500 rpm. Its four closely mounted exhaust tail pipes give it an eager sound, even at low revs, and you tend to believe that the engine is turning over a lot more quickly than in fact it is if you rely upon your ears rather than your eyes on the rev counter. Inevitably, it is a thirsty beast, and I found that you had to curb your enthusiasm for high revs if you were to get much more than 12 or 13 miles out of a gallon of four-star (yes, four is sufficient on this one!).

Make no mistake, the E-Type is still a great car, although in some respects it does tend to underline its vintage. For example, the clutch has a relatively long and springy movement and has to be treated with a measure of skill to produce a quick, smooth take-off. Then there's the cockpit ventilation which, even since the recent improvements, is short of the high standards to which we have become accustomed in recent years (the big problem there is the lack of space for a really sophisticated fresh-air system).

The Jaguar is definitely a man's car (I doubt whether many women could handle a beast of such immense power) and demands to be driven with skill and respect (another reason why it is not for the ladies).

The car's sure-footedness enables it to be belted through curves and tight corners at an almost incredible rate (so long as you know exactly what you are doing with your hands and feet, for although it responds well to skilled driving it can also expose an incompetent). On the other hand the low-speed ride tends to become fairly noisy over ridges, bumps, cat's eyes and the like.

The long doors and wide body sills demand an acquired technique for climbing in and out, but there's a form-fitting seat or two waiting for you when you're aboard, with sufficient adjustment to make the driver and front passenger very comfortable. The instruments are well laid out, but the row of identical control switches is confusing, especially after dark. The rear seat is strictly for children, of course, and can be dispensed with if you want to extend the luggage area. Rear vision is good for a car of this type, but you must remember when parking that there's quite a lot of overhang at the front, beyond your field of vision over the engine cover.

In a way, to criticise an E-Type is to praise it, for virtually everything deserving of critical comment derives from the fact that it has been around now for over 11 years, during which time it has invariably been difficult to buy 'off the shelf'. What other car can claim such an impressive sale life? But the greatness of this car lies in the fact that E-Type owners come back for more, time and again. They are prepared to overlook its minor imperfections in order to savour again its many great qualities. For them, the sporting Jaguar is more than an exciting mode of transport, it's a way of life.

MJ

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Please supply: (Please tick)
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AC mains adaptor £4·75 ☐
If mains adaptor is purchased P & P is free.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....
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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
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MARLA

A poetic vision of two of nature's most beautiful creations. A lady and an egg. Photographs by J. P. Smut

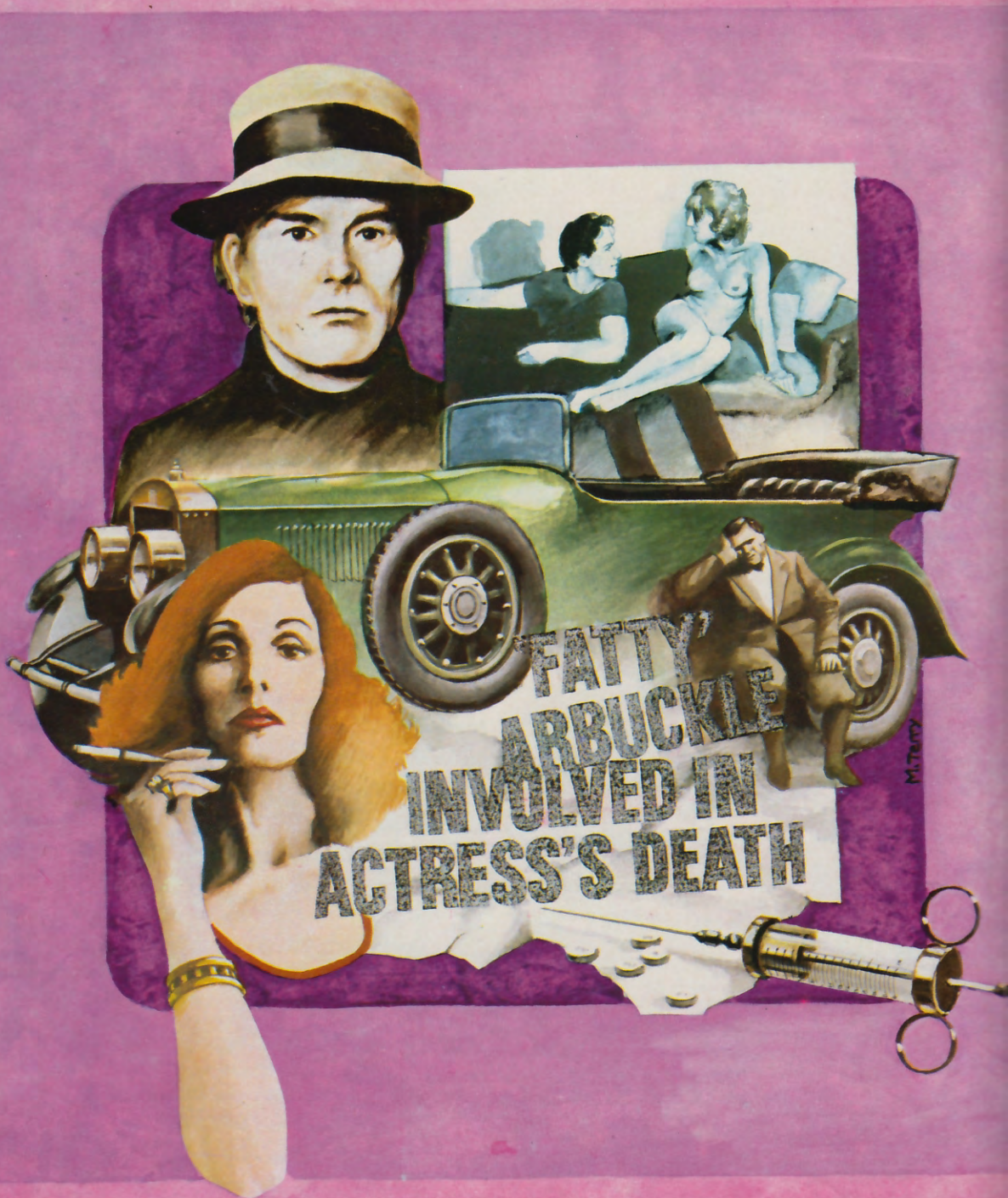
O worthy reader look I beg,
Consider here a naked egg.
Shorn of shell, and broken hearted
In private parts as yet uncharted.
This egg, an innocent abroad,
Cracked a yolk at which it roared.
An egg by any other name
Would surely never taste the same.

You can lead a horse to water
But you cannot make it think.
Likewise the egg-producing hen
Will often lay a dozen, then
Poule its resources.

The egg and eier
Oeuf or uovi
Fried with chips
Mi non va nuovi.
In foreign parts
The humble egg
Is proud enough
To never beg.
In Amsterdam
Or Montreal
Eggs are worn,
Not ate at all.
In factories
Where eggs are made
The lovely chicks
Are never laid.

Hokum-scrotum
In the night,
A naked egg's
A lovely sight.
Large cocks
From little eggs do grow,
As sure as they
From cocks doth go.
Hokum-scrotum
In the night,
A naked egg's
A lovely sight.
Egged on by passion,
Brown or white
A naked egg's
A lovely sight.

Boiled or scrambled, fried or raw,
The egg's a fruit which I adore.
Its infinite variety
Indicates sobriety.
Devilled eggs are so damned good
Whilst Scotch eggs often taste like
wood.
(What's more, the cannibal clan
MacMurgers
Is eating eggs with Edinburgers.)
And then the aristocracy
Don't eat eggs like the bourgeoisie,
They prefer a light soufflé,
With pigeons plucked and baked in
clay.
The hoi-polloi have ways and means
Of eating eggs with Heinz Baked
Beanz.
Eggs' infinite variety
Divides society.


'FATTY' ARBUCKLE INVOLVED IN ACTRESS'S DEATH

The truth about Fatty and other Hollywood scandals

Brian Murphy delves nostalgically into the lurid cess-pits of Hollywood's golden era

In its very earliest days the cinema was a curiosity, like the bearded lady or the flea circus. The travelling showman would set up his screen and equipment in a barn, schoolroom or village hall and the eager locals would pay their cents, pennies or francs to watch the jerky movements of horses or the hops, skips and jumps of the moustachioed athletes.

The next phase saw the beginnings of plot and character because a number of famous actors and actresses realised that celluloid could offer some prospect of permanence to their evanescent art. Silent and flickering records of their florid gestures and stately posturings still exist, but it would be hard to imagine anyone in the audience taking any interest in their private lives.

It was the audience itself, oddly enough, that provided the problems. Quite apart from necessary slides which stated, "If you do not spit on the floor at home, do not do it here", there was the problem of young people in the dark. The Bioscope or Kinematograph provided a most welcome escape from the brightly lit and constantly visited front parlour and preachers were quick to see and denounce the moral dangers inherent in this new form of entertainment. Worse than the prospect of hidden gropings by young couples was the inevitable emergence of the man in the mackintosh, and a new and sinister slide had to be inserted—"If annoyed when here please tell the management". But things settled down surprisingly quickly and by the time of the First World War the convention had emerged that still holds good today—the nobs upstairs, the common herd in the stalls and the back row the special province of couples who can get away with almost anything so long as they are not noisy enough to attract the attention of the lady with the lamp.

Meanwhile the revolution that was to focus the world's attention on the deeds—and especially misdeeds—of a few dozen temperamental and highly paid men and women had occurred. The star system, born by accident and fostered by instinct, was in full swing. It remains so today.

The Age of Innocence

In 1910 an unknown actress called Florence Lawrence left the studio where she worked for twenty-five dollars a week to join another where she earned a few dollars more. Here the astute press agent played the oldest publicity trick in the world by denying something that had never happened. He issued a story that Florence had not been killed by a street car. To his astonishment the press and the public showed great interest in the story and within weeks it had snowballed to the extent that Florence Lawrence, now known as the Imp girl, was a famous national figure. She was the first movie star and both the public and her employers loved her. She gave lots of interviews to the press and immediately another discovery was made; people were fascinated by her private life, her pets, her hobbies, her family. They were not yet interested in her love life because the strict Edwardian code of morals forbade it —but the Great War was to change all that.

Florence Lawrence soon faded away to be replaced by the first of the superstars, Mary Pickford. For fourteen years this dewy and innocent maiden was the most popular woman in the world. She wasn't quite so popular with Paramount, the studio she worked for, where her dedication to the dollar was a byword. At one time she even persuaded them to pay her income tax, an interesting financial arrangement only spoiled by the American Treasury's insistence on regarding this as an addition to her already stupeyfying salary. In 1920 she married Douglas Fairbanks. This involved a double divorce and for the first time the public realised that behind the bland façade put up by the studio publicity departments, more basic drives were operating. The world's sweetheart wasn't only tending the flowers at her Hollywood home and answering the devoted letters of fans. She was also abandoning her husband for another man and a married man at that. In the fullness of time this marriage too broke up but by then, nearly ten years later, people had become used to Hollywood stars changing their spouses as casually as they changed their clothes. But in 1920, the first suggestions of adultery, and a few whiffs of even more spicy and stimulating sins, titillated the senses of tens of millions of people fanatically obsessed with the tiniest and most trivial details of the lives of their favourites, the stars. These senses were soon to be assailed by much stronger meat.

The strange death of Virginia Rappe.

By 1920 Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle was one of the most popular stars in the fast-growing town of Hollywood. He was earning 7,000 dollars a week, had a 25,000 dollar Rolls-Royce and a big house in Beverley Hills. He was notoriously fond of booze and birds but, then, so were many other stars: moreover he was a genuinely dedicated and hard-working actor, popular with directors and his fellow artists.

In early September 1921 he had just finished a particularly tough assignment and on the 5th he drove out to San Francisco with a couple of friends for a little fun and relaxation. He checked into a big suite at a smart hotel, ordered three cases of the best bootleg whisky and gin available and let it be known that there was a party. The night was hot and he changed into pyjamas and a dressing gown.

Among his guests was a young and not over-successful starlet called Virginia Rappe. She was 25 and, according to Buster Keaton "about as virtuous as most of the other untalented young women who knocked about Hollywood". She also had the reputation of getting hysterical and taking her clothes off when she drank too much.

During the course of the party she went into the bedroom. Sometime later someone saw her there and realised that she had been badly hurt. She was duly removed to hospital, where she died three days later. Before she died, she moaned continually 'He hurt me. Roscoe hurt me'. The cause of death was recorded as "chronic pelvic illness". On September 12th Arbuckle was charged with manslaughter.

Almost immediately a number of ugly stories began to circulate. One said that Arbuckle followed Virginia into the bedroom locking the door behind him. He reappeared ten minutes later naked and with her crashed hat on his head, his lips and nipples reddened with her lipstick and his eyes blackened with her kohl. Then guests heard Virginia moaning, "I'm dying, I'm dying" and realised that something had gone badly wrong.

There were also a number of horrific versions of the actual cause of her death. One said that Arbuckle, who was notoriously well endowed, had ruptured her kidneys. Another said that the comedians' enormous weight—27 stone—had inflicted fatal internal injuries on the girl. Keaton records that yet another version had Arbuckle pushing ice-cubes into her vagina. Another version of this had a champagne bottle as the fatal instrument. An overdose of Spanish Fly was said to be a contributory cause.

Illustration by Michael Terry

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Arbuckle was tried three times for the manslaughter of Virginia Rappe, on one occasion with the additional charge of 'a crime against nature'. He was acquitted each time.

Unfortunately for him another highly damaging story emerged during this period. Four years earlier he had entertained some Hollywood big shots to a party in Boston. The drink flowed freely and a number of show girls were imported to liven up the occasion. The doors were locked and the merriment went on into the small hours. The noise was considerable and a young girl, curious at some of the sounds, climbed up onto a window sill and peeped through the transom. It was a sight to remember. All the girls and some of the men were naked, some of the girls standing on the tables and being indiscriminately fingered. The girl watched as long as she could and, not surprisingly, told the story in some detail to a number of her friends. The press got wind of the story at about the same time as the studio bosses. It cost them 100,000 dollars to hush the story up at the time but at the height of Arbuckle's misfortunes it came out anyway.

In spite of his acquittal Arbuckle disappeared abruptly from the screens of the world and all his pictures were withdrawn. He died in obscurity in 1932 and it is now doubtful whether anyone will know what actually did happen at that drunken orgy in September 1921.

One damn thing after another

The Arbuckle scandal was quickly followed by another in the following year. A small time director and big time playboy called William Desmond Taylor was found shot dead in his luxurious home at Westlake Park in Hollywood. This in itself would not have caused any great fuss but it soon emerged that Taylor had been engaged in simultaneous love affairs with two famous and supposedly virtuous movie actresses, Mable Normand and Mary Miles Minter.

A complicated and sordid series of revelations followed: some could not have been true, but all were avidly believed by a public that had begun to think that Hollywood was a suburb of Sodom and Gomorrah. It emerged that Mabel Normand had at one time been the mistress of Mack Sennet, the famous producer of the Keystone cops series but had left him after a series of violent quarrels. She had been a regular visitor to Westlake Park ever since Taylor had beaten up a man who was trying to blackmail her on account of her drug addiction. At the height of her soon-to-be-finished career she was supposedly paying 2,000 dollars a month on drugs and blackmail.

The Mary Miles Minter story was even more extraordinary. A series of passionate love letters from her were found, all signed 'Mary' and all bearing her familiar butterfly symbol (she was popularly known as the Butterfly Girl). Then in a drawer a large number of pairs of silk and lace knickers were found, all with an embroidered butterfly on the seat and the initials M.M.M. on the front. A note in Taylor's diary indicated that each of these was the souvenir of an amorous encounter. The diary also contained strong indications of sexual perversion and the story got about that Taylor was not only involved with Mary Miles Minter but also with her mother.

Both Mabel Normand and Mary Minter had visited Taylor on the day of his death and a neighbour remembered seeing someone leave the house at an appropriate time "dressed like a man but walking like a woman".

Mary Minter's career was instantly wrecked. Her indiscreet love letters shattered the carefully fostered image of her as a girl of spotless purity and there was no way of mending it. Mabel Normand survived for a little while but then her chauffeur—and presumed lover—killed a man who was visiting the friend she was sharing house with, Edna Purviance, and Mabel's career came to a final and abrupt end. The Taylor murder was never solved but its aftermath reverberated through Hollywood for many years afterwards.

In 1923 came another traumatic blow. Wallace Reid, a popular and handsome leading man, died of drug addiction in a Hollywood nursing home at the early age of 33. He, again, had presented a front of solid and glowing virtue and his embittered wife claimed that he had been ruined by his Hollywood companions. She spoke darkly of naming names and of drug orgies that had taken place at the homes of famous stars and Hollywood quivered at the propect of fresh and even more horrid revelations. A little while later a beautiful starlet called Juanita Hansen had to retire from film-making on account of drug addiction and the studio bosses decided they had had enough They insisted on inserting a "morality clause" into the contract of all their stars under the terms of which they could summarily sack any employee guilty of moral dereliction. It was never used.

The Threadbare Thirties.

Although Hollywood remained relatively unscathed by the Great Depression—the introduction of talkies gave motion pictures a big boost and, perhaps more importantly, people desperately needed the colour and glamour which Hollywood offered—a number of stars were ruined. John Gilbert, the great lover, who had played opposite Garbo drank himself to death. Mae Murray, the temperamental star of numerous sex melodramas disappeared and was reputed to have been arrested for vagrancy in New York, sleeping on a bench in Central Park. A contemporary of hers, hardly less famous, was rumoured to have run through all her money and to have ended up in a brothel in the slums of New York.

In 1931 Hollywood was rocked by another scandal. Friedrich Murnau, the distinguished German director, was killed in a car crash on the coast road at Santa Barbara. Unfortunately the wreckage showed quite conclusively that the car was being

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A Good Time Coming

Sexual expectations for this month
by Martina Boulangerie

Capricorn
(December 22 to January 20)
Outside events have a great influence on your sexual activities. You'll fare well by visiting new places, meeting new people. While doing so, also try and renew your own self, revise your ideas about sex, ponder the actions which girls did not like. Make a fresh start, boldly draw a line through the old you and create the one you have always secretly wanted to be.

Aquarius
(January 21 to February 19)
You are now definitely over a sticky patch in your love life. All you need do now is avoid complications. Upheavals such as the one you've just gone through need to be analysed. Don't take up life where you left off; talk it out with the

girl, ask her what it is in you she dislikes; ask her what she really wants. You may find you are both longing for the same things.

Pisces
(February 20 to March 20)
Do not be quite so keen to have your own way all the time as far as your partner in sex is concerned. You're apt to go too quickly, and too forcibly, for all the things you like best without ever giving a thought to the wishes of the girl who shares your bed. Don't be mechanical in sex; excite her, tantalise her, caress her, talk to her during coitus; it brings love to sex . . . .

Aries
(March 21 to April 20)
You'll find that more than one girl will be desiring your presence leaving you with a sticky situation. You'll have to choose between an exciting night with a girl who comes

suddenly into your life but who'll leave equally quickly, and a more mature friendship with a girl you have known for some time. Think before you leap!

Taurus
(April 21 to May 21)
Looks like one of your extra good months, with emphasis on travel and foreigners. You have a natural distrust of foreigners, but, secretly, you long for an adventure with an outlandish girl. This is your opportunity. Forget you're English and forget she's foreign. Just because a girl's foreign doesn't mean she jumps into bed with everybody but, like all girls, including English, she'll respond enthusiastically if she likes you. Treat her as you'd treat any attractive girl —let her get to know you . . .

Gemini
(May 22 to June 21)
Your quality as 'social leader' is strengthened this month by your ruling constellation.

Girls are always delighted when you set a fast pace, provided you don't over-power them with your strength. You're apt to race ahead and take things for granted. Even though a girl may have decided to sleep with you, she still likes to be wooed. Treat her like a lady in public and you'll find she'll act the delicious harlot in bed . . .

Cancer
(June 22 to July 22)
If you're in doubt whether or not to send an important letter do so at once. The stars are favourable. You have hesitated for a long time but further delay may now spell disaster. A girl will wait for the man she wants only a limited period; if you don't act now you may lose her to someone willing to give her more than his seed in bed.

Leo
July 23 to August 23
Do not allow yourself to be tempted by others to change your present girlfriend—you'll only regret it. For quite some while now you've been chasing girls, never satisfied with the one in hand, always thinking a more exciting woman was just around the corner. You expect girls to reveal their true self too quickly—a girl needs time, patience and, above all, love.

Virgo
(August 24 to September 23)
Plans which were slow in developing now race along fast. The girl you're after has a proud nature, as well as a voluptuous body. She is attracted to you, but, she wants to admire you as a man

before 'giving of her best'. There is no doubt you'll possess her body; if you want more first prove you're more than a mere stallion . . . .

Libra
September 24 to October 23)
An exciting phase has set in with you in great demand. Play a waiting game and make yourself look more fascinating; Chance, or Venus, your ruling planet, tends to favour you with an unplanned romantic encounter with yet another girl. Play your cards right and you may be in for the most exciting period of your life. Just take care you emerge unscathed . . .

Scorpio
(October 24 to November 22)
This is a most propitious time for you to improve in your most vital sphere: sex! You're apt to be shy in bed, sticking to actions that have changed little since you had your first sexual adventure. You're an avid reader of sexual exploits, relishing tales of bizarre sex, yet you refuse to contemplate changing your own sex pattern. Do not ask the girl's permission but boldly go for the kind of sex you dream of. You'll find girls dream of it too and are merely waiting for the right feller to show them.

Sagittarius
(November 23 to December 21)
Emotional upheavals are in the air concerning your love-life. The girl you're after has been temporarily side-tracked by an infatuation for someone else. On no account try and lay down the law to her. You can show jealousy—she'll expect that—but don't act the dictator. You have had her body but you don't own it. Woo her anew and, in bed, do new things—you'll enjoy it as well! If you mostly lie on top, why not reverse the position. Be original and you won't have to fear competition.

driven at the time at extremely high speed by Murnau's valet, a fourteen year old youth whose crushed body was found behind the steering wheel. In spite of his fame and large acquaintanceship, only eleven people showed up at his funeral.

The next incident in the unedifying story of Hollywood showed to what lengths goings on in the celluloid jungle could go. In 1950 Josef Von Sternberg introduced a new star into the city, a haughty goddess who had already had great success in her native Germany. She was an instant success and not surprisingly made a number of instant enemies. Because she did not indulge in indiscriminate love affairs and flaunt her man of the moment in the night clubs and bars of Sunset Boulevard, the rumour was fathered that she was a lesbian. As if to drive the point home, Marlene Dietrich appeared at one important function wearing trousers! Hollywood exploded into vicious and totally unfounded stories—but Marlene went on wearing trousers and showing complete indifference to the innuendoes showering around her head. After a few weeks some of the more percipient women noticed that trousers were really rather smart and began to imitate the German star. Soon there was a craze for trousers, even to the extent of it being thought smart to wear your husband's or boyfriend's garments. Marlene had won.

But Hollywood had its revenge on her mentor, Von Sternberg. He made a film for Paramount called 'The Devil is a Woman' which worried them because they believed it might be non-commercial. Providentially the Spanish Government protested strongly against the film, saying that it showed Spanish officers in an unfavourable light. This was a heaven-sent opportunity to the studio who then made the unforgettable gesture of publicly burning the film in front of the Spanish Embassy. Sternberg sold his San Fernando house in disgust and left Hollywood for good. As an interesting footnote he also sold his enormous collection of pornography to a rising young physician, Doctor Kinsey.

This wasn't the only thing that burned that year. During a well-reported divorce case, the private diaries of Mary Astor were produced as evidence. After a close perusal of this intimate document the judge ordered that it be burnt. It did not only describe in great and vivid detail the love-life of the star herself. It also recorded in similar detail the strange behaviour of her husband, Doctor Franklin Thorpe. He had a number of beautiful and famous patients and his most popular therapy was to bring them to his home for the night. The action-packed course of each cure, viewed through the keyhole by his wife, was lovingly and fully documented.

A more pathetic victim of the thirties was a starlet called Arlette Duncan who came to the end of her own particular road a couple of years later. She dressed herself in some frail reminders of past glories—a spangled brassiere and a slip—and made her way to the heights outside the city where an enterprising developer had constucted an enormous series of letters, several stories high, which spelled out "Hollywoodland". Here under the giant 'H' she ritually burned all her scanty fan mail and press cuttings. Then she climbed up the scaffolding surrounding the letter, took off and threw down the flimsy garments and threw herself after them. Incredibly she landed in a clump of cactus and survived three days while doctors removed more than a thousand cactus spines from her body.

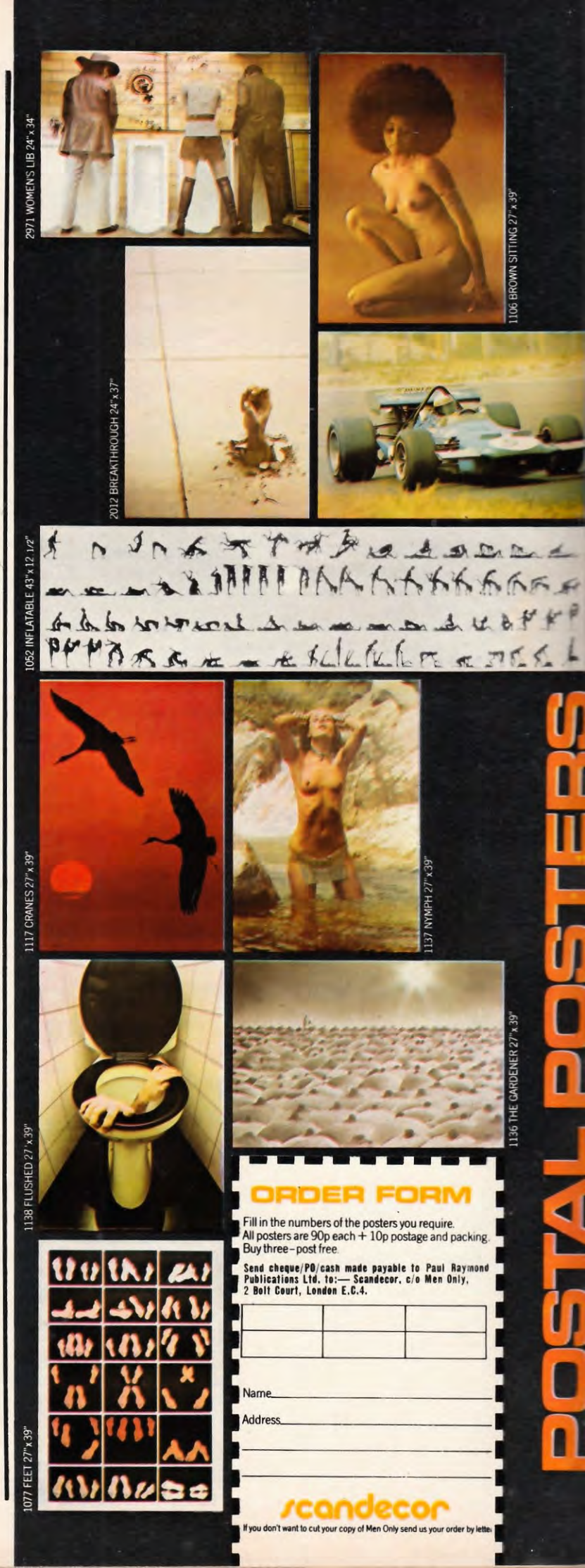
The thirties were the heyday of Hollywood suicides, largely due to the availability of a new sleeping tablet called Seconal which provided a painless and convenient way out. Perhaps the most spectacular suicide of the decade was that of Paul Bern, better known as the husband of Jean Harlow. He was an M.G.M. executive twenty one years older than she was and the marriage was a disaster from the start. In spite of his puny physique and mild manners, Bern was a sadist and impotent to boot. On their wedding night he thrashed her with a cane so severely that he drew blood and the studio immediately became aware that they had a potential catastrophe on their hands. Harlow's extravagant and compulsive sexuality (it was freely reported that she habitually wore no brassiere and that her nipples expanded so freely in the warmth that she had to rub them with ice before any interview) was useful, if properly handled. Marriage to a pervert most decidedly was not.

Bern solved the problem neatly by shooting himself in her bedroom, naked and soaked in Mitsoukou, her favourite perfume, three months after the wedding, leaving a note begging for forgiveness and apologising for his impotence. As far as it was possible the story was hushed up and slanted to make it appear as a gallant sacrifice on the part of an older man on the altar of his wife's youth and beauty. Harlow survived him for five years of more and more blatant love affairs to die at the age of twenty six in 1937.

The Fatal Forties and Fifties

The irregular love life of movie stars had by now long been taken for granted so only the most unusual manifestations or unexpected liaisons made any impact on a case-hardened public. Yet Hollywood still managed to throw up sensational scandals with impressive regularity. In 1944, Lupe Velez, known as the Mexican bombshell, made her exit from the world as only a film star could.

She was a small, dynamic and beautiful woman with an excess of Latin-American temperament and her outrageous amours raised even the cynical eyebrows of the Hollywood columnists. She had a short and white hot affair with Johnny Weissmuller, best of all the screen Tarzans, and this presented rather special problems to his make-up man. The trouble was that his near-naked body had to be much in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evidence during all his films and for some months it bore the constant and honorable scars of battle—bites, scratches and bruises—which were extremely difficult to conceal. He struck back once by throwing a completely laid table at her during a quarrel in a nightclub.

In 1944, Lupe Velez decided she was bored with life and went about her preparations for leaving it with typical panache. She filled her house with expensive and carefully arranged flowers, had a final facial and hair-do and gave herself a magnificent farewell banquet. This finished, she called in all her servants, dismissed them and lit the candles round her bed in her scented boudoir. She dressed herself in her finest gown, put on all her jewels, swallowed the ritual bottle of Seconal tablets and was found, next morning, prepackaged for a Hollywood funeral.

The year before this Errol Flynn had run into a spot of bother. He was accused of corrupting two teenagers on his yacht Saca. The two injured minors, Peggy Satterlee and Betty Hansen, were under sixteen and members of the Errol Flynn Fan Club. They had won some kind of competition and a trip on the yacht was the prize. Flynn's lawyers were worried men because the charge carried life imprisonment as a penalty, but luckily common sense came to their aid. It was discovered that these two innocent little girls were by no means as inexperienced as the more censorious newspapers made out and a series of letters boasting of their bedroom performances written to some young friends got Flynn off the hook.

About the same time Charlie Chaplin was accused of fathering a child by a young woman called Joan Barry and had sadder consequences for one of the screens truly great geniuses. In spite of evidence that Joan Barry had consorted with other men, the story that he had 'seduced' a young innocent persisted. Blood tests proved that Chaplin could not possibly have been the father of her child, but incredibly, he was found guilty and forced to contribute to its upbringing. The aftermath of this case drove Chaplin out of America after forty two years residence for twenty six years exile in Europe.

The Fifties saw perhaps the most unpleasant of all the manifestations of the public's fascination with the private lives of the stars. A Russian emigre who had taken the name of Robert Harrison realised that there was a fortune to be made out of printing as fact rumours about the love lives of his victims. He produced a magazine called 'Confidential' based on what anyone would say about anyone else, a clever mixture of truth, half truth and downright lies. Headlines like "Lana Turner shared a lover with Ava Gardner" soon built him a phenomenal circulation and a battery of lawyers kept the infuriated studio bosses tangled in legal thickets while the money rolled in.

Harrison's piece de resistance was the story of the adventures of Maureen O'Hara in the back row of a cinema. It appeared that a conscientious attendant noticed unusual activity in row 35 and a flashlight revealed a lady stretched over three seats with a Mexican gentleman, and her clothing in some disarray. The manager was summoned, there was a brisk discussion and the lady and her escort duly departed.

'Confidential' gleefully printed the story and were promptly sued for several million dollars by an outraged Maureen O'Hara.

The case, not surprisingly, raised a great deal of attention. The seats were brought into court and an obliging lady journalist discreetly reenacted the scene. Maureen O'Hara appeared in a quiet and virginal outfit and produced her sister, a nun, to testify to her virtue.

The case ended unsatisfactorily for everyone. In spite of very positive identification by numerous witnesses it was decided that there was no real proof that Maureen O'Hara was ever there. On the other hand she did not get her damages. 'Confidential' was fined 10,000 dollars for publishing an obscene text, which was certainly a small price for Harrison to pay.

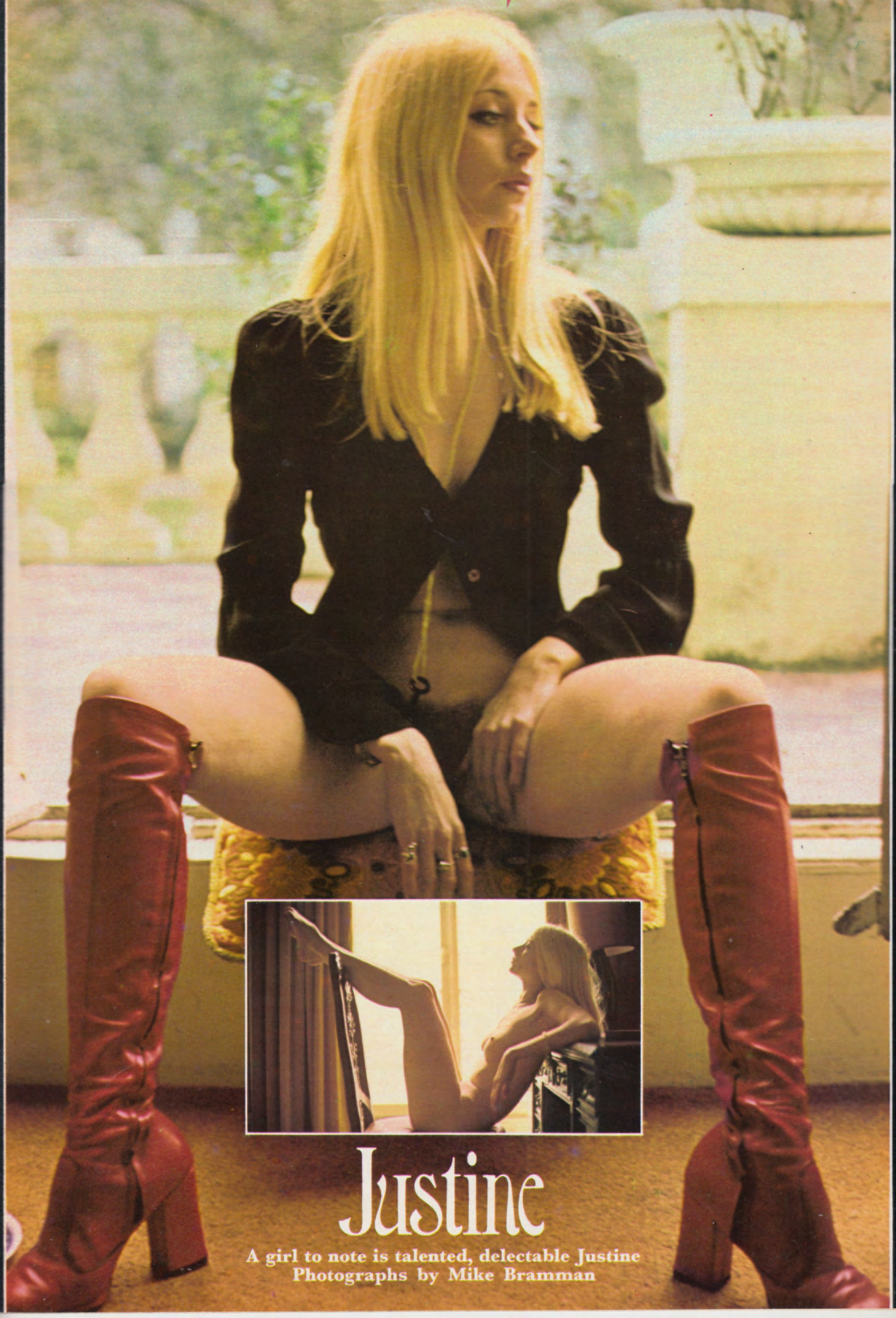
Shortly after this, Howard Rushmore, Confidential's chief reporter, shot himself and his wife in a New York taxi and Harrison decided to retire on his considerable fortune.

Since then Hollywood has produced its occasional major scandal, such as the killing of Johnny Stompanato, Lana Turner's gangster boyfriend, by her daughter Cheryl, but the decline of the cinema in favour of television has meant that the scene of the action has effectively been removed. Even so, it would be unwise to assume that sometime, somehow, some household name will not scream into the headlines with a story of unbelievable goings-on in the city that has been described as the most beautiful jail in the world.

Nowadays though, especially in the ultra-permissive sixties and seventies, the scene has altered enormously. Lurid, detailed divorces; the growth of a more lenient attitude to sex generally; and the increase in the number of actors and actresses willing and ready to film totally in the nude and in sexual positions—all these have taken the sting out of the dramatics.

Illegitimate children are acknowledged freely and with great ballyhoo. Some actresses with liberal ways even take delight in holding press conferences to announce their 'condition', generally to shrieks of boredom. Actors get shot; are named in group-sex exposes; drop acid; get pissed on and off the screen. The more their sexual prowess, the greater their publicity and Hollywood never passed up a good gimmick in its life.

Whatever the climate, the golden days of cinema scandals seem to be over for ever. In a way it's a bit sad. They were part of the great tradition of that pressure-cooker era when the giants of the silver screen fought, fucked and freaked like public peasants for a part. Like passing dinosaurs, they were a dream: a dream made of flesh.



Justine

A girl to note is talented, delectable Justine
Photographs by Mike Bramman

Anyone for Mozart? Or a thundering opus from Wagner's ben, a lush-life Beethoven sonata, or a collage of far-off Stravinsky sounds? Well, just wave your baton and fair Justine Lake's fingers will trickle melodiously over the keyboard, coaxing your desire from its harps depths.

So what's she doing playing in the nude?

"These days one has to have a gimmick," the bright-eyed Justine Lake drawls, in her disarming, heather-scented Scottish accent. "Otherwise the musicians cultivate a taste for bread and water. Well, does that answer your question about why I'm playing Mozart in the nude?"

Justine, living breathing proof that all *the action's not down south, is currently carving a small slice of fame for herself in the up-styled working men's clubs and jump-joints that are blossoming like mushrooms in Glasgow town.*

Her stage act, in these unlikely places, features music from the above composers, as well as splashes of Tchaikovsky and Bach. Justine's obvious musical talent rings out like a crystal bell in the smoky atmosphere, whilst her eye-bewitching, fulsome beauty, unhindered by the conventional classical

musician's get-up, sets all hearts a-thumping and pulses jumping. It's a cute and cunning combination—beauty and the Bach; Stravinsky and the strip tease.

We asked the twenty-two-year-old charmer from north of the border how come she grooves in this style.

"It's all rather ironic, really," Justine smiled. "My parents were both musically minded, so I was virtually weaned on Wagner and the classics. At the age of six I could play the piano proficiently. I was given an extensive programme of training at musical conservatoires in London, Paris, Rome and in Edinburgh. So by the time I was twenty I was thoroughly schooled in the arts of the polite pianoforte. Then came the crunch."

Justine frowns as memories come a-flooding; her eyes take on a wistful hue and she smiles wryly.

"I soon found out that the world of concert music for a talented soloist is a closed shop. Especially if you're a woman—and pretty. Oh, I suppose I could have taken a post in a good symphony orchestra and after twenty years worked my way up to a feature-solo of Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' as a special treat! But that wasn't for me,

man. I wasn't content to dwell in the shadows of anonymity, drowned out by a hundred or so other musicians."
So the ingenious Justine Lake set her sights for Glasgow, illuminated by the idea that was to thrust her into the limelight. She boldly has herself advertised as 'Miss Bare Breasts of the Beethoven Beat" *and, doubtless intrigued by this illusion, the club customers flocked in to see what she was a They've been flocking in like well-traine sheep ever since.*
"Oddly enough, although I started playing in the nude to attract attention,' Justine smiles, "I now actually prefer *playing without any clothes on. The audience seems to sway out of focus as soon as my hands hit the piano; and I experience a glorious sense of freedom."*
Doubtless her captive audience also imbibe a glorious sense of sexual freedom when Justine displays her classic form (which, for statisticians in the house, uses up 36-24-36 *of tape) as she launches into her classical repertoire. She somehow—perhaps instinctively—seems to shape her body to fit whatever composer she's spinning musically through the soundwaves. It's quite a musical education, watching the charming Miss Justine Lake in concert. Furthermore, it's an education that doesn't hurt a bit, but is a fun thing all the way.*

Miss Justine Lake
Men Only Girl
AUGUST
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31

OB-LA-DI, OB-LA-DA AND GROUPIE SEX

The "News of the World" some time ago accused Alan Whitehead and other members of the famous Marmalade *Pop Group that they "debauched girl fans and organised revolting orgies" while touring Britain, Germany, Sweden and other countries. Here is Alan Whitehead's answer.*

Whitehead, for five years drummer of the super-group Marmalade, *who made records like the international hit Ob-la-di Ob-la-da, and many other top-of-the-pops records—is one of the most flamboyant representatives of the pop world.*

by Alan Whitehead

I doubt if they really knew just what it was all about and what they were to receive. They were lined along the corridors, their young, nubile bodies a-gleam and a-tremble with barely suppressed eagerness. It was Sweden; the night was young and they had been waiting for quite a while. It didn't matter—they would have waited until the following year.

We strode past them, conquerors of the known musical universe, dog-tired, but still holding ourselves erect, looking as if we had just discovered the guitar. They looked at us with eyes shining, a desperate hope lurking there as they made pathetic attempts to thrust their breasts at us as we passed. If we were not so used to it all and so indifferent by then, we would have cried. But whatever they felt, we were going to select them like cattle.

You see, we were *The Marmalade*, England's leading pop group. We had made hits, gathered popularity as few stars do at such an early age. We had lost our humanity; we didn't know it then. We could pluck the cream of the chicks wherever we went. We could take young wives, daughters who had never seen the first glimpse of sex in their lives. We could make or break—we always broke. Caligula never had it so good.

The road manager went into the corridor while we changed. He knew what we wanted from experience. It wasn't hard to tell. They came in, their faces gleaming as if they were going to be blessed instead of fucked. They were fucked rotten. That's how it went. My own story has a different beginning a long way back: I wonder at times why some people like to pretend that we all live in the 1930s, instead of today. In the 1930s there were "femme fatales" with their tremendously strong sex appeal. There was a Marlene Dietrich song about a gorgeous woman who attracted vast swarms of admirers, as a lamp attracts myriads of insects on a dark summer night.

In the 1930s, girls were "seduced" by handsome villains and became at once "fallen women". Girls were always shy and passive, pursued by aggressive males. When, after years of apprenticeship I finally joined one of the super-groups, there were times when I would have been most grateful for timid fans. But, unlike some people who talk about our morals, I lived in the actual world of today and was, in fact, pursued by swarms of most aggressive teenage girls who grabbed me and my mates, tearing off our shirts and ties.

Shy and passive girls, indeed! Anyone who saw and heard hundreds of hysterically screaming girls trying to storm the stage at a pop concert, can answer that one. Dozens of attendants around the stage are desperately struggling against swarms of girls. Some always got through, screaming: "I'm going to kill myself! I love him! He is fantastic!"

The group is soon engaged in close combat with girls who want to touch them, kiss them, hold them, smother them. They attack like hungry tigresses, or what is worse: like pop fans.

Do I kid myself that my mates and I had tremendous sex-appeal? No, I do not. What we had could be called maybe, "celebrity appeal". We happened to belong to the ranks of the current pop stars and these girls were pop fans. They wanted our autographs, some bits of our clothing as a trophy.

An aggressively promiscuous, but by no means small minority of these girls were out for "sexual conquest". They wanted to be able to boast that they have "laid" so-and-so and so-and-so. These were either sex-mad pop-fans, or teenagers who pretended to themselves that they were sex-mad—or again, they belonged to the various types of 'groupie-girls'.

People pretending that we still live in the 1930s, accuse pop groups, as *THE MARMALADE* has been accused recently, that we "systematically debauch" our fans. But how can you debauch sex-hungry girls, who are invariably on the spot whenever one of the better known groups visit their town? The more famous the group at the moment, the more girls queue up before their dressing-rooms or on their hotel corridors, hoping to get into bed with one of the boys.

There is a certain type of girl who manages to get "debauched" almost every week by this or that visiting pop-star or pop group. They collect sex adventures like younger girls collect autographs. It is an undeniable fact that *it is the sex-mad and celebrity-mad girl fans who "debauch" the pop groups, and not the other way around.*

These packs of aggressive girls make 'orgy-addicts' out of some pop-stars who, after all, have a hard and lonely life travelling around all the time. Orgy is not the word I would use to describe an impromptu party in two adjoining hotel rooms, with two beds in each, shared by a pop-group and invaded by two or three girls. No one planned 'the orgy', since the visiting group didn't know of these girls' existence before they came giggling into their rooms. That after some drinking, the girls and boys make love to each other, is hardly surprising. Is it an orgy because maybe two couples make love in a room? I suppose it is. So some of the pop stars have the reputation of oversexed orgy addicts.

My start towards the pop-world

Having started out as an amateur, and later semi-professional pop musician in the early nineteen-sixties, I had been an eye-witness to the great 'pop explosion', in Britain. As I mentioned earlier, I was a most virginal eyewitness.

I became a pop-musician almost by accident. After leaving school in Southern England, I started work in a flag factory in Sidcup, Kent. The factory made flags for the Queen, and once I was the one who delivered some flags to Buckingham Palace. I liked my work, and began imme-

diately to save up for a motorbike.

When at last I bought the motorcycle, I had a rather nasty accident that damaged me more than the bike. After I got well again, I decided to sell the machine. I had a nice little sum of money and decided to buy a drum set with the vague idea of becoming a pop musician. It took me less than two months to become good enough drummer for our local amateur group.

I practised for hours alone, besides taking part in the group's rehearsals. The older boys in the group had girlfriends with us, when we visited a neighbouring village or small town. They also helped to make our stage clothes, so that we should give a professional impression. Though they were girls belonging to the group, they weren't 'groupie girls', because they kept to their own boyfriend.

As we became better, this amateur group split up and I joined a semi-professional group that played almost every night in various towns and villages in the vicinity of Greater London. As semi-professionals, we were paid a small fee, or only our expenses, but anyhow, we already belonged to the outer fringes of the pop scene. We became known in a few places, they asked us to come back and, once or twice, local papers carried our pictures.

The group consisted of five boys, a van and about twenty-odd 'girls-about-the-group' who ran errands for us, helped to make our new uniforms, etc. A few always accompanied us on our travels. These girls were kinder than the later groupie-girls. Although some of them were at times, in the mood to make love to most of the boys in the group, they were not solely sex-addicts.

As the youngest, I drove the van whenever we were on tour. Anyhow, although people like Ringo Starr are well-known, the drummers, like myself are not the most featured members of their group. Some girls barely notice the drummer of a less well-known group. So there was no question of anyone else taking the wheel. As the youngest, and the drummer to boot, I was the eternal chauffeur. I kept my job at the factory, which meant that I was always dog-tired, what with the rehearsals, the evening appearances and my eight hours work at the factory.

Five nights a week I slept very little. I had to get up at 6.30 a.m. and arrived home after five in the afternoon. I drove around with the van to pick up the members of the group, then drove half an hour or hour to the dance-hall in some village. There was the concert, sometimes lasting three and a half hours; then back to our home town, driving everyone home, and so to bed for a few hours. This explains, maybe, why I stayed a virgin until my 21st birthday.

During the long drives while I sat at the wheel trying to stay awake, some of the boys of the group were making love to the girls-from-the-base. I wasn't particularly interested in this, though virgins are supposed to be fascinated by the 'mysteries of sex'. After long concerts, I was eager to be on our return journey. But it often happened that local fans slipped into the communal dressing-room and had their knickers off before we could ask their names.

While some of the boys partook in the freely offered instant sex, I was asleep, or half-asleep. Whenever I rested my head against the back of a chair, I fell asleep. A screech or a loud giggle would wake me up, then sleep again. So I got used to the spectacle of others having sex in my presence, without particularly wanting to imitate them. This didn't turn me into a voyeur or an orgy-fan.

I simply wanted to become a good drummer. Soon the time came to give up factory work. I frequently fell asleep *standing* in the factory. When one of the members of a South-London professional group heard me drumming and suggested that I team up with them, I jumped at the chance. I quit the factory and started my career as a full-time professional pop-musician.

Drumming for a professional group was quite exacting, at least for me at that stage. I had to study music a lot, and practise a very great deal. Being again the youngest member of my new group, I had to act as their driver. Though I didn't have to get up so early as during the factory days, I still didn't get much sleep, because my group had guest-appearances in a larger area and also worked harder. Not much changed really, I was always dog-tired and very sleepy whenever a concert was over.

I still lived at home with my family, I was still shy and had vague misgivings about starting sex-life without falling in love with the girl. But how can you fall in love with anyone if you never can spend more than an hour or so, in each other's company?

Sometimes, when a naked girl would sit in my lap, I would be aroused, but then I would think about the boy or boys who, during the past half hour or so made love to her—and well, because of shyness and slight revulsion I wouldn't do anything. I suggest that the majority of pop stars were quite similar to me at the beginning. In my time, I have met in the pop scene far more shy boys than shy girls.

So the naked girl would abandon my lap for some other lap. I'd be there, half-sleepy, observing the scene with the neutral look of a tired youngster who just prayed that the sex-play would end soon, we should be on our way home and I should get some real sleep—in a bed, alone.

The *News of the World* accusations give the impression of pop stars that they have sex on the brain; that their main aim and interest in life is to take part in orgies. Of course, this is a somewhat mistaken impression. Starting from scratch, as we all did, one doesn't get to the top by debauchery and the ceaseless pursuit of girls. Most people in the pop world are in the ceaseless pursuit of success, by no means only material success. Most of them have music on the brain all the time. That they have to work hard, is taken for granted. That they all strive to become better musicians and all-round performers, is also pretty obvious.

They usually have less free time than an average person outside the pop world. And when they can relax and have private fun, this doesn't consist only of "orgy" and "debauchery". However, it is true, that in very few occupations is a young man faced with so many opportunities to make love to lovely girls, than in the pop scene.

"*Today, after long investigation, the* News of the World *accuses famous stars from the past and present members of the* Marmalade, *one of Britain's "super groups" of systematically debauching their young girl fans.*"

"*Legal manoeuvres by the pop group . . . failed to gag us.*"

"*Now the full truth can be told. It is a horrifying picture of the way in which members of the group that made records like the No. 1 hit* Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da *and the current success* Cousin Norman *sold a million copies of* Reflections Of My Life *have searched for kicks.*"

The accusation above was first-page sensation of the largest circulation newspaper in Britain and maybe the world. Seven million copies accused me and other past and present members of the *Marmalade* of:

Taking part in "revolting orgies with young girl fans" both in Britain and abroad;

"Encouraging or permitting girls to perform pornographic acts";

"Taking or posing for pornographic pictures with girl fans", etc., etc.

After the first of the series of articles was published, the *Marmalade's* manager Peter Walls obtained a High Court injunction to prevent the *News of the World* publishing the rest of the story. A few days later, a High Court Judge lifted the injunction and the paper went on with the publication. The *News of the World*'s meticulously gathered material seemed to convince the High Court Judge that the accusations were supported with sufficient evidence. It should be said at the outset that no one disputed the facts behind the accusations, just the language in which they had been expressed.

For young people who know the pop scene and how they themselves live, there is nothing surprising in the fact that some pop stars go to bed with some of their fans. Neither is it exactly news that some young women with pretty bodies, like to pose in the nude and that some young men like to take such photos. (Last year a German magazine reported that in West Germany there were over two million young women who admitted posing for photos in the nude.)

Almost everyone heard about groupie girls, those camp-followers of the pop-groups, who thrive on making love to pop stars. Lastly, it doesn't seem to be so very extraordinary that if four or five boys share two hotel rooms or a flat, they don't insist on or think of sexual privacy when they are visited by some sex-hungry girls. It is a question of terminology whether one calls this kind of thing an orgy or not.

It was late at night when I took orgy photos. The *Marmalade* had a guest appearance in some place or other. After the show we returned to our hotel, followed by some fans whom we met that night. I don't exactly remember how many girls were in our rooms. I know only that we had to lock all doors. We ordered sandwiches and drinks, and when the waiter brought it, we had to push out some other girls who tried to get in.

We all had plenty to drink, we made love, then we danced. The blondie was lying on the bed naked when one of the boys began decorating her. He covered her lap and nipples with salad, not to 'arouse our 'lust' for an 'orgy', nor to 'corrupt and deprave'—but simply for a giggle. It certainly seemed funny at that time. Evidently the girl who posed for that photo felt the same, her cries of delight confirmed this.

As I said, all this is a question of language and maybe, of age. For this reason, it's a funny feeling whenever one tells it 'like it is' in print. Some readers will be shocked by statements that are taken for granted by others. In describing my years as a member of a super-group, I nevertheless will stick to reality.

Catapulted into 'swinging London'

At the beginning of 1964, I joined as a drummer a well-known South East London group, the *Loose Ends*. They were based originally at Lewisham, but they played all over London and were part of the fashionable pop world of the time.

Although my new scene was geographically only about twenty or thirty miles north of my former one it felt as if I had suddenly jumped to a different planet. Everything was more professional. The audience expected more from the pop groups, the pace was very fast; you had to improve almost from day to day. Everyone strove to be brilliant, to have a great impact; to give more. One was drunk with possibilities and with the hectic whirl of life.

It felt like a different planet also as far as the girls were concerned. The sturdy little provincial fans, or the crude local groupie girls and their clumsy aggressiveness left me quite cold. The sophisticated, cynical, clever, beautiful 'Chelsea birds' and the cloud of erotic appeal in which they moved proved to be too strong for me. Not that I wanted to resist.

I was ready for love, or for making love to one of these fascinating girls. And when one of them casually asked me to her pad and taught me sexual love, I felt on the top of the world. It was just after my twenty-first birthday that I 'lost my virginity', as some people would put it. Others might say that this girl 'debauched' me. I felt elated.

It was high time that I began a normal sexual life. It was several years later than most of the boys started theirs. I had fallen into love (or should I say 'mini-love'?) quite

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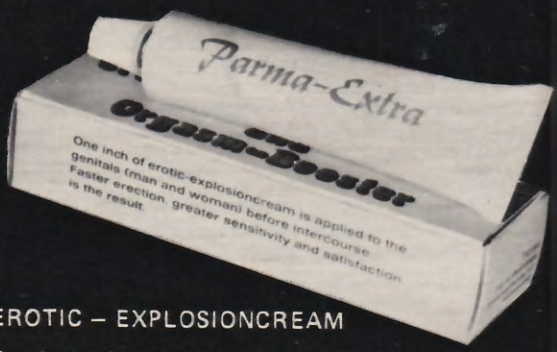
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when in that first period. Coming from an old-fashioned conformist background, I was still a bit monogamy-geared and quite sentimental about the girl 'one cares for'.

During my first London period I had been 'seduced' by a series of lovely girls, all of them somewhat older than me and most of them leaving me when they had found out that I took them too seriously. They didn't want to get seriously involved, and were frightened or bored by my sentimental gushings. They were teaching me in effect that one "shouldn't take this sex thing too seriously." Keep cool, cynical, casual . . . and on to the next round.

'Seduced', of course, is not my word. I used it only to imply that it was the girls who took the initiative, not me. With people in pop groups this is not at all exceptional. One has very full days. Rehearsals, recordings, group meetings with the manager; tours, evening performances—very little chance to make a date, to plan ahead, and so forth.

Only at night, after the show in discotheques or at parties, has one a few private hours. Being the only time which a member of a pop group is free to dispose of. In this kind of hectic and, in a way, limited life not the boys, but usually the girls take the initiative. Not that it is important at all to find out who made the first move whenever a girl and a boy desire each other.

The birth of the 'groupie girl' craze

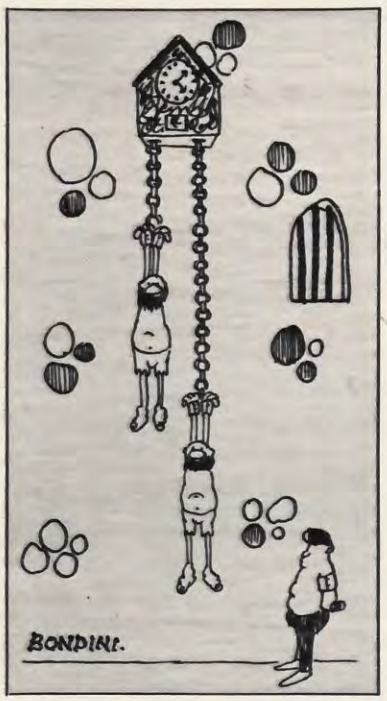
A few groupie girls themselves and a great many journalists wrote about the emergence of the groupie girls, how they utterly abandoned themselves to the pop stars, and to having sex with the men of the pop world. No pop musician, however, has described yet what this new sect of pop fans did to the stars.

The *Marmalade* had not yet formed a group in their native Scotland,

How did the eye operation go old boy . . . . . ?

when in the Midlands and in the South of England, people began to notice the tribes of vagrant groupie girls. Some journalists described them as "sex-crazy female hippies", others thought that they were "hysterical products of the exaggerated pop-cult".

The groupie-girls were identified as such in the early 1960s. In those days girls and their mothers fought with each other all over England. The mums wanted their daughters to dress and behave like the earlier generation did. In some families, the tension between mums and daughters led to a final break. The girls left home and lived their own way. Most of the runaway girls began to work, sharing flats with other girls and having quite squarish lives. Some of them couldn't take the discipline of steady jobs; they drifted in and out of temporary work and became camp followers of the pop world.



There are many types of groupies. The ones whom I would call *real groupies* are the 'star-lovers' or 'pop-group lovers'. These girls fall in love with a given group, follow it around, and do their best to get accepted by the group for a time. They want to make love to each and every member of the group, and their greatest records merge into a musical-sexual complex. They have all the records of the loved group and when they play these records to themselves, they re-live the thrills they had in the arms of the group. It's like certain kinds of drunkards who get tipsy again next morning after a night out when they have their first cup of tea or coffee.

I met groupie girls, very lovely ones indeed, who wanted to have sex with all of us, all they asked was that a long-play record of our greatest hits should be on. I remember one of them particularly well. She was an educated girl, a great opera and concert-goer, nevertheless she had her pop-music phase and she happened to fall in love with us. It was, of course, a very sensuous love, just as sensuous as her relationship with music. She told me that she really loves and desires each one of us. She also told me about the joys of listening to our records while alone in bed.

This girl, actually, soon fell in love with another group just as sincerely and totally as with us, I suppose, and

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by now she must have quite a collection of 'thrilling' records.

Some other groupie girls are simple celebrity addicts; they get turned-on by the idea of making love to a pop star. I am no sexologist, I can't tell how much real sexual desire is involved in their love-making. All I know is that this type of girl would moan the *full name* of the boy who is making love to her. "Oh, Alan Whitehead, how I love you . . ."

This type of girl likes to make love in a well-lit room in which she can see all the time the other members of the group, too. She gets, I suppose, her orgasm from the thought that she is being laid by a 'super group'. The majority of these girls are runaway girls, who become quite sexed up by the pop scene; they are childishly, passionately in love with the pop world, and with the sexual act itself. Some of these young girls are not even conscious that other people watch them making love. They make love furiously and as naturally as cats or wild animals.

What with the mass media keeping on about the groupie girls, by the second half of the 1960s there were thousands of imitation groupie girls who could also be called 'weekend groupies'. These girls were living at home and getting along fine with mum, but during the weekends they managed, by hook or crook, to live like the groupies.

Most of this latter type joined groupiedom because they wanted to brag to their girl-friends about their 'conquests'; they collected sex-adventures with pop-stars like autographs or trophies. These trophy-hunters wanted to pose in the nude with as many pop stars as possible. Once, one of my friends, a lead guitarist, entertained us and a few girls with a male strip-tease act, ending up with only a sock on a certain part of his anatomy. I photographed him. Several girls asked to pose *en deux* with him in the nude.

The 'Marmalade-orgies'

In 1966, after I had spent two years with the *Loose Ends*, another interesting group turned up in London. They came from Scotland and called themselves *The Marmalade*. Although they still were a £20-a-night group, they had a better name than the *Loose Ends* and mainly, I saw more future in them and with them.

When the drummer of the *Marmalade* got married and left the group they looked for a new drummer. Having auditioned several colleagues, they chose me. I have worked over five years as their drummer, from their humble beginnings through to their meteoric rise to a series of 'top of the pops' and million record sales.

What I learnt about the pop scene up till then was quite different from the fantastic existence of members of a 'super group'. By the beginning of 1968 the *Marmalade* were already a super group, among the ten or so best-known groups in England, and very well known the world over.

'Super groups' have a terrific and, in fact, quite frightening popularity. The hysterical girl fans almost tear their worshipped pop stars to pieces. They work themselves into a self-induced trance of celebrity-love and offer their bodies in the greatest ecstasy to the pop stars.

As regards the *Marmalade*, we were, of course, London based. I was the only bachelor in the group. The other four usually rushed home to their wives after the show. Spending at least nine months at home in London we simply couldn't have orgies all the time as some of our accusers would have it. Whatever fun the group *as a group* had with girls, was on tour, or at cabaret appearances away from home.

Arriving in a foreign town where you have fans by the hundreds, *but not a single personal acquaintance*, you have nowhere to go after the show to relax and have a bit of fun. Living in the pop world all the time, after one's show is over one doesn't feel like going to a discotheque or to a nightclub. One is tense, a bit tired, but not ready yet to go to sleep. One worked hard all day and one feels like a good time. The married ones, or at least some of them, want sex-fun. They are the ones who were transformed by a long string of groupie-girls into orgy-addicts.

In its exposé of our orgies, the *News of the World* quoted a Swedish girl, Ritva Niezi, who spent a night with us during one of our visits to Sweden. She said that *she saw a "long queue of girls" in the hotel corridor outside our bedrooms*. What she didn't add was that most of those girls in the queue were damned attractive, so all we had to do was to choose the loveliest from among the scores of volunteers.

The 'orgies' of the pop world are not like the group-sex sessions of the *Hell's Angels* or similar 'ton-up' boys. These boys indulge in mass rape. One of them incites a girl to the gang's hide-out and there they order her to strip, holding her down while they all have sex with her. The pop groups don't rape anyone. There are always dozens of girls waiting, or rather volunteers for a 'group love-in.'

The group love-in is really a party with sex, where all present want to have sex, where nobody is uptight, when in, say, a three-bedroomed house or apartment all doors are open, boys and girls drift in and out of each other's rooms and beds. They change partners dancing and they change partners making love—but no one betrays anyone because no one belongs exclusively to anyone—at least so most people feel, even the pop stars who have a little wife tucked away somewhere.

As the youngest and a bachelor, I was often told by my married friends to bring girls; or to take girls to my room when on tour, and then the married ones would come along for a bit of extra-marital sex.

The sex-mad and celebrity-mad fans and the out-and-out groupie girls do not need much coaxing. They invade the hotel rooms, apartments, vans and dressing rooms of visiting stars. They like to pose for nude photos, preferably while being kissed or made love to by 'a celebrity'. The married pop-stars enjoy these photo-sessions very much. What moralists would call a 'pornographic orgy-session' or 'group-sex pornography' is for the tired, a bit drunk pop stars "just a bit of fun". And it is also the bachelor who is asked to take the photos, carry the camera, have films developed, etc., since married men can't do it.

It is not true that the group used my 'sex-appeal' to 'seduce' girls and persuade them to take part in orgies. It would be, indeed, most stupid trying to seduce unwilling girls when so many, many are not only willing but most eager. Once, in the early days in the provinces, after a little sex-party in our van, I heard a girl tell two waiting girl-friends: "Touch my breasts. They were kissed by all of them."

Any pop star can safely say that if he'd never initiate anything with girls, *never ever*—because in that case he would have more girls than he could consume in several lifetimes. I know of a few older pop stars who grew so tired of the groupie-scene, of girls who got their orgasm from the star's name, and not from his love-making—that they pay call-girls to give them a different, a more *individual* kind of sexual love.

The Marmalade abroad

Most of our group-sex sessions occurred during our foreign tours. We have toured in most countries of Western Europe and parts of Asia. We had successful tours in Thailand and Israel, and had longer contracts to play in Sweden, West Germany and Holland.

Sweden was heavenly for sex-parties. Even the groupie-girls were more beautiful than in most other countries. There were many fascinating girls among them with lovely skins and fantastic figures.

I remember one night in Sweden when, after a 'gig' in a club we invited about a dozen girls to our motel. We virtually lined them up and sorted out which ones we wanted to make love to.

I was in a room with Pat Fairley and Graham Knight. We had three bunks side by side. Pat Fairley and I were on the outside bunks, each with a naked girl . . . while Graham Knight in the middle was already making love to his partner. We would shout out Kama Sutra positions and Knight and the girl followed our instructions.

The *News of the World* quoted a beautiful Swedish girl, called Anna-Karin Katee, who said that she and her girl-friends made love that night with each one of us. Miss Katee is that femme fatalish type of girl with whom it is quite easy to fall desperately in love.

Married men and bachelors like me have a different attitude to group-sex sessions. As a bachelor I was free to do anything I wanted every night, all the year round. My married colleagues had this sort of freedom only exceptionally, during provincial and foreign tours. They craved sex-fun and diversity far more than I have done. And it happened to me quite often that during foreign tours I didn't take part in orgies because I met a girl for whom I cared.

In West Berlin, for instance, I met Christl Knedlitschek, who played in the Berlin production of *Hair*. We became lovers and good friends. I spent all my free time in Berlin with Christl, and she came to stay with me in London twice, for several weeks.

Some of my affairs lasted for many months. It seems that the charms of bachelor existence began to wane for me. I was ready for marriage. In Stockholm I met Leena Skoog and proposed to her within a week. Having been a teenage star of erotic films and thus becoming the 'Sex Princess of Sweden' whose name once was coupled to that of the Crown Prince—Leena formed her own pop group and toured with it her country. By the time we met, both Leena and I had begun to have enough of gypsy existence. Leena was eager to start a new career in Britain as an actress.

After our much-publicised marriage in England, I ceased to be a member of the *Marmalade*. That's all behind me now.

I have sown my wild oats, as they say in England. Or, at least, most of them.

EXPLORERS
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Gentlemen at Leisure

You too can have a Jeeves, advises Rodney Bennett-England

As any devoted fan of P. G. Wodehouse will tell you, Jeeves epitomised that rare breed of essentially British types, the Gentleman's gentleman.

Unhappily today most gentlemen cannot afford to keep a gentleman. Don't misunderstand me. Whatever the permissive society might permit morally and sexually, the gentleman's gentleman was above all a devoted servant and indeed an English institution.

If the upper crust looked smart, it was their valets who deserved the credit. The upper crust may well have been a lot of crumbs held together by dough, but the real status symbols were the number of servants you had rather than the latest advance on the cat's-whisker crystal set or the most expensive motor car.

But servants require accommodation as well as wages, and in a changing social climate even Jeeves might have found himself the victim of automation.

Machines may well provide a threat to various employments and for better or worse we are becoming a push-button society and in consequence our lives are having to be adapted accordingly.

In most cases his replacement is the local laundry or dry cleaning service. Clothes care is the hallmark of the particular man.

Clothing manufacturers, too, have been conscious of the diminishing number of real-life Jeeves, and easy-care fabrics and self-valeting properties have been used extensively in current fashions.

Perhaps drip-dry shirts were the first major breakthrough for busy housewives and the businessman on overnight trips needing to look spruce at the following morning's meeting.

Chemical treatment on man-made fibres has resulted in a technological revolution, and if you actually want to bath in your suit, shirt and tie it is possible to give yourself and your ensemble a thorough soaking and dry out neatly pressed and crease-free. Fortunately, most of us are not so demanding of our wardrobes, but most of us do have treasured items which demand extra special attention.

Certain fabrics still require a hand processing and finishing. Suede and leather, for example, need specialist cleaning, and silks, satins and brocades can be damaged by most laundry machinery.

Like most things in life, you tend to get what you pay for, and although the majority of High Street laundries and cleaners do an adequate job, you cannot expect miracles.

Which is why the Bertie Woosters of this age will be pleased to see Jeeves caring for their expensive wardrobes once again.

Jeeves has certainly succumbed to automation, but there all similarities with most laundries and dry-cleaning services end. True, Jeeves is a laundry and cleaning service, but rather a special one offering a personal service created to combine the fine traditions of hand valeting with the most up-to-date technical developments in fabric care.

Jeeves resides quite naturally in Belgravia, and if the neighbouring embassies and members of the aristocracy keep him busy, he prides himself that happily discriminating people still demand quality.

The Jeeves service is not cheap, but then the better things of life never are. A two-piece lounge suit costs £1·30 to clean and if your pink hunting coat got spoiled last time you failed to jump the ditch, your ineptitude will cost you £2·50.

Velvet suits and tail suits are £2·00, formal uniforms from £1·30, two-piece evening suits, £1·50 and golf jackets, £1·00.

Jeeves can clean anything, in fact, or will certainly have a good try. Dressing gowns, smoking jackets, knitwear, overcoats and raincoats are all part of the service, and they also have a special shirt laundering service.

Cotton shirts are from 30p each, silk shirts from 60p and embroidered, frilled or pleated shirts from 65p, but missing buttons are automatically replaced, new collar stiffeners added and the hand finishing is so superb that the individually packaged shirts could mostly pass for brand new ones.

If you really care about your wardrobe, you don't mind spending money on it.

Rupert Lycett Green, who owns Blades in Burlington Gardens, Savile Row, is also quite a snappy dresser himself, so we reckoned he'd make the perfect

Photographs by Philip O. Stearns

Above left: Formal treatment of a casual fabric for real Blades. The blue denim double breasted suit has patch pockets and costs £52·50, the navy spotted white cotton shirt, £9·45 and the bow tie, £2·50.
Above right: Not as you might expect the control room of Cape Kennedy, but a cluster of highly sophisticated dry cleaning machines. Rupert, keeping his cool, wears white cotton trousers (also in cream) £31·00, striped wool blazer, £65·00, cream voile shirt, £9·45 and cream and brown slipover, £12·60.
Below left: Letting off steam in the shirt valeting department. Rupert, in casual mood, wears brown leather trousers, £45·00, yellow crepe shirt with button-up vest style top, £9·45 and colourful plaided waister wool jacket, £45·00 to order.
Below right: Formality in satins and bows. Rupert wears a double-breasted brown satin suit, £125·00 to order, a cream silk shirt, £14·70, and a brown velvet bow tie, £2·50.

model for our picture spread this month, shot at the Jeeves hand laundry and cleaning service in Pont Street.

In fact it was Rupert's flair for quality clothing which first took him into bespoke tailoring. So many friends admired his natty outfits and kept asking him where he had them made, that he decided to employ his cutter and set up in business.

That was 10 years ago and he has never looked back. His elegant bow-fronted Georgian shop faces onto Savile Row and his customers, amongst them royalty, nobility and the international smart-set, are the sort of people who get noticed all round the world.

An Old Etonian, ex-Cavalry officer and bobsleigh champion, he also farms in Yorkshire. His wife, Candida, is a daughter of Sir John Betjeman, and she writes children's books, so between them they lead hectic lives. The au pair girl takes care of the children, but with no real-life Jeeves in the house, they rely heavily on his automated counterpart.

All Rupert's clothes come from Blades, naturally, and if people haven't started to notice you yet, then they can help you get noticed.

Jeeves, incidentally, do skilled repairs and alterations, invisible mending, fur cleaning and renovations to suede and leather. And in the best traditions of the family retainer, they attempt to be always on call with a collection and delivery service in London, a postal service and a night hatch for the impatient.

Well, you never know. Somebody might accidentally upset a decanter of vintage port over your white silk tuxedo, and Jeeves wouldn't like you to go home looking a mess.

Our automated Jeeves now resides at 8-10 Pont Street, London S.W.1, telephone 01-325 1101.

Expert valeting and smart clothes may get you noticed, but nobody's going to come close unless you smell good as well.

The male toiletry business has escalated in recent years, there are now literally hundreds of branded and unbranded fragrances on the market, yet strangely the average annual expenditure per adult male head of the population in Britain is still only around 75p.

You can draw your own conclusions from that figure, but clearly some guys don't smell as nice as they ought to.

The choice of Colognes and after-shaves is, of course, largely a matter of taste and just how much you are prepared to spend on creating the right aroma.

French Colognes are naturally amongst the most expensive and you don't have to buy the best to win friends and influence people, but in smells, as in clothes and valeting, you get what you pay for.

The Americans, who invented rings of confidence, know all about telling their best friends things they ought to know. They rate personal hygiene and studied grooming as the sweetest smells of success.

Maquis, although boasting a French name is, in fact, a new male Cologne from America available exclusively in Britain from Glints, 68, South Molton Street, London W.1.

Maquis is the French word for the wild aromatic thickets which grow on every mountain cliff in the beautiful Mediterranean island of Corsica.

Maquis Cologne is an intricate blend of Mediterranean aromatics with an intriguing, unfamiliar topnote derived from one of the smallest plants in the Maquis which has a lasting staying power.

Packaged in an attractive oblong bottle, a generous 4 oz. size costs £3·50, supplied for a limited time with an atomiser attachment.

Touring guides come in all shapes and sizes, but for the motorist most are too small scale to facilitate quick route references when driving, as well as being cumbersome to use.

The R.A.C., who know best what drivers actually need, have recently published *Route,* a new touring guide which comprises 18 separate sections which can be used individually according to area.

Each section suggests routes linking up the many points of interest, and numerous colour illustrations and a comprehensive text provides a detailed description of areas comprising about 200 miles.

As a car or even armchair guide to Britain, *Route* at £7·50 (£5·95 to members) is a valuable addition to discovering the many delights of our country. MJ

Vikki & Lola

The softest of sunbeams, Lola and Vikki gild the lilies
Photographs by J. P. Smut

Vikki and Lola are both eighteen years old and were born not only under the same birth sign, Taurus, but on the very same day and within an hour and a few paces of each other. This makes poetic sense because Vikki and Lola are as fresh and unspoilt as April. As Spring is personified in cherry blossom clinging to a bending bough, Vikki and Lola are to Taurus what sunshine is to golden blooms and April is to dew.

Vikki and Lola sometimes wonder if their friendship might have had its beginning in the Garden of Eden. They cannot remember a time when they were *not* friends. In fact their mothers were girlhood friends before them: Victoria and Dolores —for that is what their names are— may have been rather more formal than their high-spirited daughters but they too were transported through the thirties on a wave of pink organdie and blue chiffon and not until the wartime forties did Dolores discover the innate meaning of sadness in her beautiful Spanish name; then frivolous pastimes were from necessity set aside.

Vikki and Lola are having a passionate love affair with nature, partly because they've lived all of their young lives in bucolic Sussex and partly because they were born under the birth sign of Taurus. Taureans adore nature almost as much as they adore the joys of their homes. Those born under Taurus are also loyal. Vikki and Lola love the forests of the North Downs, the tall elegant English elms, the mighty oaks, bound in wedlock by gold and silver bands of holly, ferns and vines; the meadows, fields and dales and the sea with white cliffs towering above and clouds forming a frothy white panoply against a deep blue sky. They savour the unique odours each season brings, breathing deeply, hoping to remember them forever, the smell of burning leaves, perhaps, in autumn and freshly mown hay in summer while Christmas and the burning log are swept away, the West Wind drunk with hyacinth and Easter, trees in leaf and youth. And the animals, the animals! Little red and grey squirrels, Vikki and Lola won't have a word said against them. Damage? Nonsense! Little families of red fox, nursing their cubs in the sun, Vikki and Lola won't have a word said against them. Damage? Rubbish! No blood sport here! And the birds, singing in the morning and building their nests; fortunately they eat the insects and nobody complains— which is a good thing for *them*.

Vikki and Lola are glad nature is not too easily tamed. A too gentle, unchanging, spleenless nature flirts with fate to spell monotony on a bleak horizon. Vikki and Lola like to lie tucked up in their warm little beds, listening to the rain pelting against the tiled roofs and the wind howling through the dead bracken and the trees in the woods.

Sometimes they think they can hear in the distance the sea pounding against the rocks at the foot of the cliffs but it's only their imaginations. Vikki and Lola enjoy walking across the Downs with the sound of frost crunching under their fur-lined boots. It doesn't often snow in Sussex but once it did and they were caught in a blizzard; their hair went white with frost and the snow formed a beautiful perpendicular tracery along the delicate and sensitive lines of their pretty faces. It was rather painful but very beautiful. That year the ponds and streams froze over and Vikki and Lola went ice skating for the first time, using the very old-fashioned Dutch skates which clamp to the shoes, belonging to Victoria and Dolores. When the ice melted they tried skating at a proper rink—was it Streatham or Queensway or Richmond? It was no good; it didn't work; it wasn't the same at all.

Vikki and Lola have never been abroad. They holiday with their two families together in North Wales or Cumberland or Scotland. They adore the mountains and lakes and even the fells. Other countries, they think, such as Switzerland or America, may have a spectacular beauty these British Isles lack but where else in the world can you find such confounded prettiness? They shall never forget High Lorton in Cumberland, half way between Keswick and Cockermouth; there they sat under the very tree where Wordsworth composed *The Yew Tree* and compromised themselves by eating salmon sandwiches.

Collogue

There is probably no other profession in which Sex plays such a dominant role as in the acting profession. It is not only that acting itself revolves constantly around 'love' in all its aspects but the very atmosphere of the theatre, and the film studio, simply begs such a close relationship between the sexes that it almost amounts to claustrophobia. The number of plays or films in which sex plays no part, or only a minor one, is so small it can be ignored; the majority has love and sex not only as central theme and pivot but also as main plot and, nowadays, that means that copulation is practically performed on the customer's lap.

Up until the 19th century (and beyond it) an actor was tantamount to a rogue and an actress little more than a prostitute who performed on the stage when she wasn't performing in bed. Gipsies and actors were considered the same type of vermin and actresses earned the bigger part of their incomes as whores.

This being so it is not surprising that the general public takes it for granted that a girl has to go through a great many beds before she can attain stardom and, though this is not always the case, it is only fair to say that the stars themselves are mostly responsible for this. Spouse swapping and promiscuity is no longer a novelty (or news) in any circle but it is practically a 'must' in the acting profession. It is a clever man (or an unusually eager fan) who can remember all the legal spouses (let alone 'loves') of the great stars.

How much immorality is really necessary for a girl to get a decent acting role (or her first ever chance) nowadays is a moot point; certain is that, for an actress, it is not so much *what* you know as well as *who* you know and, whereas this holds true, to a certain extent, for all professions, one has only to look at the veritable flood of beautiful flesh turning up for a theatre or film audition, and compare it with the more mundane collection answering an ad for shop assistants or factory hands, and one can only envy the casting director, or producer, who has the final say in which particular beauty will get the part.

"If he makes his choice purely on the acting ability, or in order of arrival, he's a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

But it is not only the casting director, or producer, who makes demands on the unknown young actress; it is no secret that the stars themselves often insist on their share of the good things that goes with Life at the Top.

There's the famous male star who refuses to go on location for any length of time unless he has his 'private secretary' accompanying him—at company expense! He is yet another roadway to success for an eager, struggling actress to get a foot in the door in the great big world of glamour even if an entrance has to be made as a 'secretary'. A beautiful young body, plus the willingness to surrender this discreetly (but effectively) to the right person at the right time, is a greater asset to an unknown young actress than an armful of diplomas or critical acclaims.

With sex a daily hazard, as well as a professional asset and possible short-cut to success, it would be interesting to find out how the present-day young actress copes with it, how it affects her personal views on love, how it changes her attitude to boy-friend or husband.

In order to find the answers to some of these questions a well-known sexologist had a number of private interviews with young actresses, all of them still hopeful of making the grade, and below are the recorded conversations with a selected few. Their names have been changed to protect their identity.

Number one we will call *Jane*, a beautiful, petite young actress of Chelsea. Jane is 22 and blonde. Since leaving RADA Jane has had a variety of parts in films and TV. She has appeared in commercials, has been a TV show hostess, spent two years touring with a rep. company and six months in Rome as a freelance actress and model.

The author found Jane a willing and co-operative talker though he sometimes had the impression she was 'acting' a bit; but, then, acting is Jane's business.

His first question is a general one: does Jane think sex plays a larger part in an actress's life than in that of, say, an office secretary.

Jane: I can't answer that as I've never been an office secretary. I've always been an actress and shall always remain an actress. As for sex . . . sure, sex plays a hell of a big part in my life but it does for everyone, including typewriter pounders.

Author: You don't feel that sex maybe is a more essential part of your profession?

Jane: Are you talking about that worn-out 'She Slept Her Way To The Top' misconception?

Author: Is it a misconception?

Jane: Of course it is. Oh, sure, there've been lousy actresses who got a great chance because they were the mistress of some all-important film mogul; but bloody few. Anyway, unless they're bloody good actresses as well as good whores, chances are their Big Chance still won't do them much good; in the final analysis it's talent that counts; a star is made on the stage, or in the cinema, not in bed!

Author: You don't think the pattern is a common one?

Jane: There aren't any film moguls left for a start. Even so, where it may have been true at one time it certainly no longer holds good. As I said: the days of the film moguls are over. Nowadays shows and films are individual efforts, often staged and financed by the leads themselves and, believe me, they are after talent, not cunt—pardon my French.

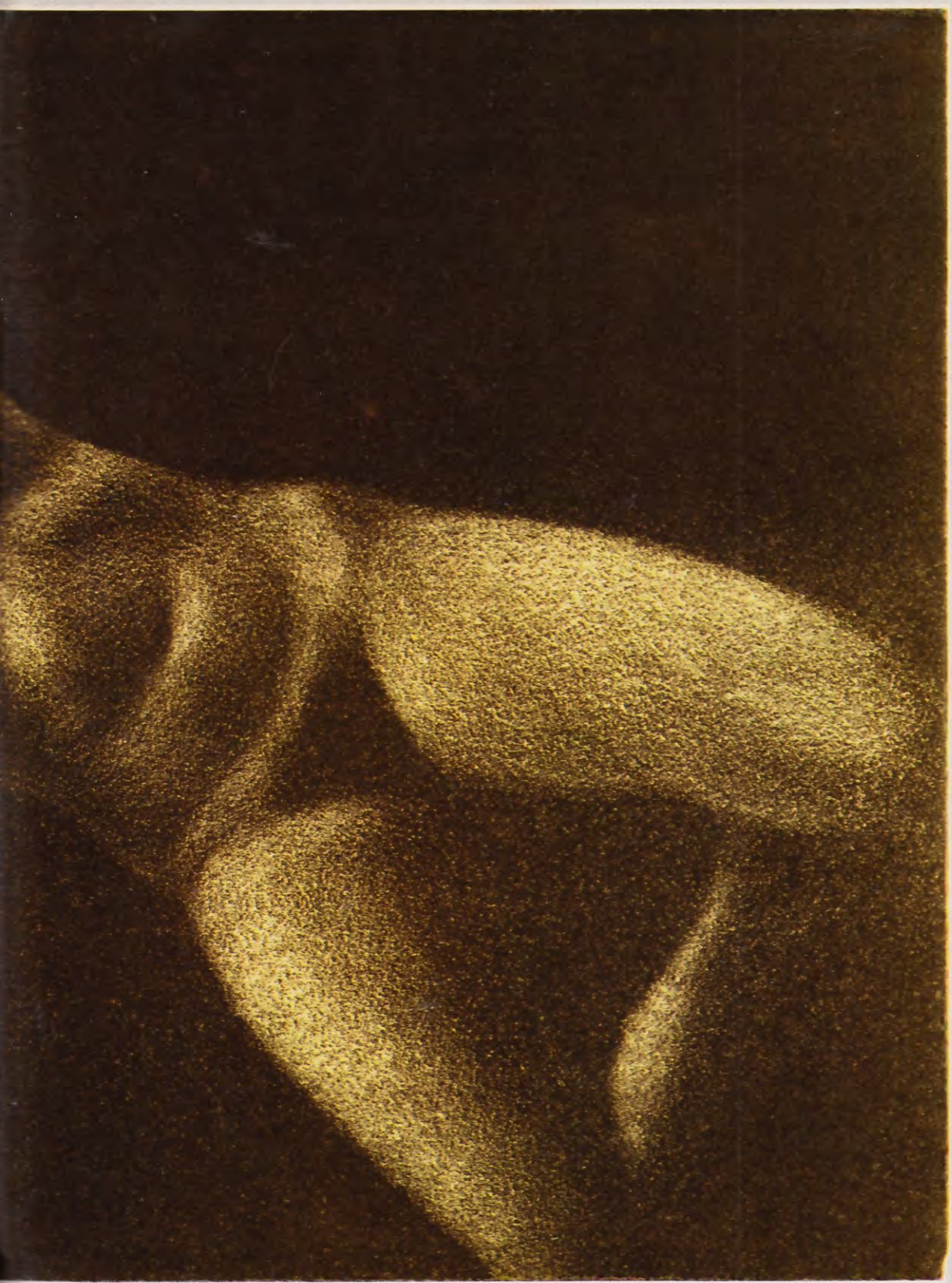
Author: You mean that no director or producer has ever made a pass at you?

Jane: All men make passes at pretty girls and they don't have to be actresses. Businessmen have it off with their secretaries but no one talks about it; the minute an actress has an evening out people attach all sorts of ulterior motives to it.

Author: But aren't you more likely to say yes to an evening out with a man who's able to give you a part in a film than with just any man?

Jane: Everyone's nice to people able to push lolly their way. If Laurence Olivier asked me to dinner I'd drop any date but that doesn't mean I'm ready to jump into bed with a man just because he's in a position to give me a fat part in a film.

Author: You're not married; do you have sex regularly?



Jane: Depends . . . If I have a steady boyfriend we usually shack up together and I have it as often as most, I presume.

Author: You have been a member of various repertory companies and must have spent long periods travelling. Do you remain faithful during that time?

Jane: So far, I've never been very deeply in love with anyone; my career is too important for me. This means that I tend to pick my boyfriends from among those I meet every day.

Author: That means a friendship, say in London, wouldn't last long if you went on tour?

Jane: Put that way, no! Mind you, the chances I'd find a guy still pining for me by the time I'm back six months later are equally small; London is teeming with pretty birds, in case you hadn't noticed.

Author: Neither you, nor your boyfriend would expect a friendship to continue after your return from tour?

Jane: Let's say I play these things by ear; chances are he's somewhere else anyway, maybe filming on location or doing a season in some provincial town.

Author: Your boyfriends are all from the acting world?

Jane: Mostly! It stands to reason; we're almost a world on our own. I know that's a cliché but no less true for that. I always feel a bit lost with outsiders; it's so much nicer to have a guy who speaks the same language, has the same problems, knows the same people, has the same ambitions and hang-ups.

Author: Are you very faithful during the periods you're actually living with a man? Nothing can come between you?

Jane: To start with, yes. Later, not so much, I suppose, but that's only because I've never been truly in love, head-over-heels, you're-the-guy-for-me kind of thing. I'm quite sure I wouldn't so much as look at another guy once I'd found my one an' only; not even at Steve McQueen.

Author: But you'd look at him now, say . . .?

Jane: Would I? But which girl wouldn't; be fair!

Author: You must have met famous actors. Have you slept with any?

Jane: Yes, I have but it depends on what you call 'famous'. I haven't met Steve McQueen or anyone remotely that famous.

Author: Without dropping names, could you tell me about it; how it happened and where?

Jane: The same way it happens to you, or anyone else; there was a great party, this well known guy liked me, chased me, and found me willing. C'est tout!

Author: You fell in love and an affair started?

Jane: Not quite! We both had a drop too much, had a whale of a time and banged.

Author: You knew the star would be at that party and made a bee-line for him?

Jane: Nothing like that! His unexpected arrival was a surprise for everyone, including the host. He's a guy who's riding the crest of the wave at present with a series on TV that has a big following. In those days he wasn't used to fame yet and went to a great number of parties to be 'recognised'; probably tried to reassure himself he wasn't dreaming.

Author: How old is he?

Jane: Late thirties. He's on the small side but makes up by wearing tremendous gear.

Jane: So you felt flattered when he noticed you?

Jane: Yes. There was plenty of competition, believe me!

Author: What happened?

Jane: Have you no imagination? We had a gas and it clicked between us. He had a marvellous flat; I'd seen photos of it but it was even better than the pictures. Forty-five thousand quids' worth! Great!

Author: He took you home?

Jane: *His* home, yes! He had a water bed. I'd never slept on a water mattress before. Vagina Waters, he called it. It wasn't that great; I mean, I didn't have an easy orgasm but I suppose I wouldn't have had one at all if it hadn't been for that billowing mattress. I sort of rocked myself into a sexual crisis.

***Author:** Why was that?*

Jane: He proved a lousy lover. A great looker but a lousy lover. No technique, just quick action. One moment he's kissing my mouth, next, he's up inside my body trembling himself into an early ejaculation. Honest, if its hadn't been for the 'after-movements' of that dancing, undulating mattress, and my little nimble fingers on my clitoris, I wouldn't have made it at all.

Author: Did you know he wanted to sleep with you when he took you home?

Jane: Are you kidding?

Author: Did you do much preliminary necking before that rather

hasty coitus?

Jane: Not much. I suppose we were both too much in need of it. *He* certainly was, as I found to my cost or, rather, pleasure.

Author: But not you?

Jane: Oh, I was, I suppose. I'm a fan of his and didn't need much persuasion; I certainly made no objection when he raised my mini skirt within seconds of entering his flat and bedroom.

Author: He took you straight to his bedroom?

Jane: Why waste time? I thought we'd have a quick one first, then a bath and then a few drinks and finally another bout and a good sleep.

Author: You stayed the night?

Jane: No! He said the cleaning woman came in at eight and he didn't want to give *me* a bad name. Personally, I don't think he could have done it twice in one night if you paid him an extra year's wages.

Author: Were there any subsequent dates?

Jane: No! Never saw the bastard again! He might at least have introduced me to some big producer.

Author: You slept with him because you thought he might further your career?

Jane: Well, it wasn't quite *that* crude but I still say he might have introduced me to the man that produces his series.

Author: Did you try to contact him afterwards?

Jane: I did phone him a couple of times but not to beg any favours.

Author: Did you tell your regular boyfriend about that night?

Jane: No need to; he guessed, *he* said. Personally, I think someone told him I'd left the party with —— and I have a pretty good idea who it is. There's a great deal of jealousy in the profession.

Author: Was he angry you'd been unfaithful?

Jane: A bit, but not for long. After all, he knew it hadn't *meant* anything to me.

Author: He realised it had been a sort of promotion campaign?

Jane: Yes! Advanced PR work . . .

Author: Have there been other incidents like that one?

Jane: A few . . .

The tape continues for quite a while and Jane confesses to more and more cases where she slept with a man who was in a position to further her stage career though she keeps refusing to admit to this in so many words. According to her she had been prompted first and foremost by her admiration for the man in question and only to a very small extent by his usefulness. She insists that any office girl will do the same with an attractive boss.

The sexologist finds her attitude typical of a great number of struggling young actresses.

A different attitude is taken by *Raquel.*

Raquel is twenty-one, strikingly beautiful with deep black, glossy hair and a voice that is, at times, husky with emotion. (Whether this was faked or genuine the author never found out.) Her features speak of foreign, Eastern blood in the not too distant past. Raquel is not her real name but the one she adopted when she came to London at the age of sixteen determined to find fame as an actress.

Impulsive, sometimes wild, Raquel has a passionate belief in her own talents and is quite prepared to do anything to obtain that one, big, vital chance to display these talents. In this she is typical of a large number of young stage-strucks but she proved a little more honest about it than most.

She answered the sexologist's opening question with the utmost frankness.

Raquel: Of course I've slept with men who could help me career-wise. All girls do and those that say they don't are lying. Look! In this bloody world no one cares a damn about anyone else. If you want a chance in life you have to hustle for it and forget you're a nicely brought-up young lady. I *know* I'm a good actress, in fact, a bloody good one; I know it with the same conviction with which I know that I can swim, drive a car or play bridge. All I need is a chance to prove it and I'll see to it that I get that chance. I always *try* to keep sex out of it, but if that proves impossible I bloody well use it, and use it ruthlessly. Damn it! I use everything else; my persuasive powers, my looks, my clothes, *everything!* Why shouldn't I employ my greatest asset?

Author: You don't consider that slightly degrading?

Raquel: Most degrading, but I don't care! Once I'm on top it doesn't matter anymore *how* I got there. Besides who'll know!

Author: There'll always be some who know.

Raquel: So what? Most people know about the degrading things Marilyn Monroe had to do to get her big chance but nobody minds. On the contrary! They admire her guts. Listen! If you knew the things girls, and men, do in this profession to get a fat part you'd fall off your chair.

Author: I doubt that.

Raquel: You would, believe me. With exception of a few who were born lucky, either from parents who were stars themselves and had all the right intros or so much money they could buy themselves influential friends, *all* of us do, or have done, things that send waves of hot shame through us every time we think of it.

Author: Tell me about a few of your own experiences.

Raquel: I only spoke about others because I wouldn't want you to think I'm in any way different from the others. We're all the same. We keep our ear to the ground, listen to all inside information that might tell us there's a nice part going somewhere and then go for it with everything we've got and for all we're worth and never mind the rules. First get the part and then worry, or feel sorry for others, later!

Author: When was the first time you used sex deliberately to get a part?

Raquel: The *chance* of a part, you mean! No casting director worth his salt will risk his job sleeping with an actress for a part. It doesn't work that way. What happens is, you try and get friendly with guys that know other guys that *can* give you a part and, if that means sleeping with the first guy, or with the second, or with both, then you sleep with him, or them. The main thing is to *pretend.* Always pretend you hop into his bed because he's such an irresistible guy. That way two faces are saved; you can kid yourself you really do dig the guy and would have let him have you even if he were a bloody eel-jellier, and he can pretend he's given a job to a nice girl that's nuts about him and not to a little schemer that opened her little slit for mercenary reasons.

Author: When was your first experience and how did it come about?

Raquel: I was sixteen at the time. I had just finished at some inferior drama school and thought the world was waiting for me with bated breath and open, welcoming arms. Ha! After four months of tramping the streets, in and out of casting agencies, spending fortunes on publicity photos, being asked 'not-to-call-them' as they'd 'call-me', and sitting hours and hours by the telephone waiting for it to ring, I began to realise that maybe the world was *not* waiting for me; if I wanted to become an actress I'd have to do more than show my face.

Author: What did you do?

Raquel: I met the producer of a TV show at some party. He produced a weekly glamour show that always featured a couple of what he called: 'New Faces to Note', glamour shots of some newcomer with the band playing 'A Beautiful Girl's Like a Melody'. It didn't pay much but you got on the Box and people commit murder for that. Besides, there was always the chance that some big impresario or film producer would be watching in and say to himself: "Now, there's an interesting face with nice breasts. I wonder if she can act. Let's give her a try." The TV guy was very much the lion at the party and he knew it. He was a fat slob but he *was* a producer and he *did* have his own programme so everybody sucked up to him, including me. And, lo and behold, he noted little me. I didn't need a clairvoyant to tell me I was the little bit he was after that night. He was all over me and, when I let his podgy hands knead my buttocks and tits to his heart's delight I could positively see the evil plan ripen in his fat, addled brain—not that it was a very complicated plan or a very original one. He began to talk about his show and how he liked to feature unknowns and asked me if I'd ever thought about appearing on the screen—as if I'd done anything else ever since I was twelve. He says we must talk it over, maybe at some other place, huh? He never made any attempt at making it look anything else than what it was: i.e. a fat, middle-aged bastard wanting a fresh, young teenager in his bed and I never put up a front either. It was all straightforward business; I wanted to appear on his show and he wanted to push his stubby prick up my hard young flesh.

Author: I take it you were no longer a virgin at the time?

Raquel: You take it right. I'd slept with two guys, both drama students, but it didn't prepare me for what that fat slob wanted. For me sex was lying in bed with a nice, clean, young guy's body in my arms and having affection before making a quick, everything accompanied by nice, exciting feelings and ending in a lovely climax, but this fat bastard just stripped me naked, mauled my breasts till I could have screamed and then pushed my face to his groin, saying "Suck me off".

Christ! I'd never done that before. I'd heard of it, but that was all. Still I'd said 'A' so I had no choice and had to say 'B'. I swallowed my pride *and* his muck. The worst I've ever tasted.

Author: Did you get that spot on his programme?

Raquel: Yes! I must give him that. A month later I was on his show for three whole minutes. He was probably scared I might tell his wife.

Author: He was married?

Raquel: Ha! Was he? That was the biggest humiliation of it all. The minute I had fellated him the bastard fell asleep and I didn't know what to do. I had hoped he'd make a date with me to see him in the studio but he kept snoring like a buzz-saw. I sat and waited, looking at his disgusting body, still tasting that funny, wet cardboard taste of male seed, cleaning my mouth over and over with the bed sheets. Then, around six in the morning, a bloody butler comes into the bedroom. Yes, a ruddy butler! He looks at me with that disgusting, supercilious air of an archbishop and tells me to get dressed. "Madame will be home in twenty minutes!" Christ! The humiliation! Having that bloody butler escort me to the front door and practically slamming it shut against my heels.

Author: You still think the night was worth it?

Raquel: Certainly! Through my appearance on his show I got another job; my first small film part, in fact!

Author: Did you have to sleep with someone for that as well?

Raquel: I didn't *have* to but I did, much later. We happened to like each other and we went steady for a while.

Author: Have you slept with others in the hope of landing a part?

Raquel: I spent a weekend with an author because I knew a famous film producer would drop in on him on the Sunday.

Author: Did it work?

Raquel: No! The producer proved ill, but that's a risk you have to take. Sometimes you travel hundreds of miles for an audition all for nothing; sometimes you wait all day in a casting office to be told at six o'clock all parts have gone; sometimes you give a guy the freedom of your body and find there's nothing he can, or will, do . . . That's show business. If you let disappointments put you off you're in the wrong profession.

Raquel names a few more occasions on which she lets a man make love to her because he is in a position to help her career-wise. The sexologist can't help noticing that the frequency of these occasions increase while the usefulness of the man in

bed seems to decrease. It is quite clear that Raquel has had her chances and equally clear that she has not measured up to them; it is also clear that this is clear to everyone except Raquel herself and, in this respect, she is typical of a great number of actresses. They refuse to recognise their own lack of talent.

The next girl is representative of a totally different category of actresses. Mona is twenty-six. Vivid, red hair; full, voluptuous body. Mona has had quite a lot of acting experience, usually in seductive, sexy parts; the 'other woman'. Mona has reached the stage where she realises she'll never attain star status but she likes acting too much to give it up for another career. Her frank appraisal of her own position has made her cynical and hard, typical of a great many. Though she has no illusions left she is still hoping against hope . . .

Mona: All actresses go through the 'frantic stage', the period in which you'll do anything to get a part, including some pretty degrading acts of sycophancy and, yes, there's no other word for it: whoring! It is not a pleasant admission and, at the time, I gave it another name, but that was all eye-wash, simply attempts to stifle my own conscience, attempts to continue living with myself without puking. I prostituted myself to get a part; I was nothing but a little whore who only asked for promises instead of cash. I should have demanded cash; I'd be comfortably off by now, or maybe I wouldn't have had to wash so much sperm down the washbasin; maybe the bastards only pulled me into bed because I was a little nit that didn't charge a thing for spreading my thighs mile-wide.

Author: Is that typical behaviour for a young actress?

Mona: No! The trick only works for those that are young and pretty. Many actresses don't go, or can't go, for those parts. Some are ugly and specialise in character parts; what else can they do? For those it's little use rotating their rumps.

Author: Aren't you a bit hard on a great number of beautiful actresses who never employ their sex in this way?

Mona: Maybe, but people have been pretty hard on me too. Anyway, those lucky things are in the minority, believe you me!

Author: So you believe in the theory that an actress can 'sleep her way to the top'?

Mona: Funnily enough, I don't. I used to but no longer! Oh, it may have happened once or twice, in the past, especially in Hollywood in the days when film moguls held fantastic powers, but those days are gone. The men that can catapult you to fame nowadays are no fools, or ex-fairground buskers; they're hard-headed businessmen who never mix business with pleasure or, if they do, they know how to separate the two sorts of girls. If they need a whore they'll take a whore; if they need a female lead they'll pick an experienced actress who's proved her worth on the stage or before the camera, not in bed.

Author: You mean, it's only the small fry, the men without real power, who'll make a pass at a young actress?

Mona: Yes! The little bastards that hang around the fringes of the profession; men who pretend they can get you a part, men that brag about knowing big name directors and producers. Trouble is, you don't know that when you start off and, by the time you do, it's a bit late. By then, quite a few of the rats have nibbled at your nipples and squirted their egg-white up your eager channel. If you're lucky you've met a real big shot and got your chance; if you're unlucky . . .

Author: If you're unlucky?

Mona: If you're unlucky you do as I do; stick to a job which you know will break your heart.

Author: So, you too were taken in for a while?

Mona: We're all taken in for a while. We pay the price and, by the time we realise it won't get us anywhere, a lot of men know the colour of our pubic hair.

Author: The colour of an actress's pubic hair is seldom a secret any longer. Some of the most famous actresses strip quite unashamedly before the camera.

Mona: Even that is not always voluntary, or done for the sake of artistic integrity, however much those actresses will tell you differently. The stage is a rat race and the fight for a fat part a damned sight tougher than you think. Many a big star whom the public thinks is rolling in money and lucrative offers, sits at home, waiting for the phone to ring, waiting and worrying, swallowing sedatives. When a good part does come along very few will send it on just because it means exposing their bodies.

Author: You mean, the degrading scenes continue, even in stardom?

Mona: Sure! They may not have to whore for it any longer the way I do but they have to strip all the same and that's the same thing to my mind! And, don't forget; after stardom comes middle-age and, with middle-age, comes another fight for another kind of part and, with it, more degradations. Honestly, it's not surprising so many stars commit suicide when they see the danger signs looming up. They just haven't the guts to face either renewed degradation, or obscurity, or 'old woman' parts.

Author: In your opinion, does an actress look upon sex in a different way from an ordinary housewife?

Mona: She must do! An ordinary housewife may occasionally play around but she'll do so with men she *likes*, men of her own choice, men she *wants* in her bed. It's part of an actress's lot to have to flatter men that don't interest her physically one bit; her livelihood depends upon those men.

Author: Does it affect your relationship with men you like; boyfriend or husband?

Mona: Of course it does! Everybody's jealous now and again! The ordinary husband wouldn't like it either if he knew his wife was kissing someone else every evening and that's what an actress does on the stage.

Author: I thought that was all professional routine and didn't affect actors.

Mona: It doesn't as a rule but there are exceptions. If a boyfriend knows you're having a nude scene with an attractive man, especially one you fancy, he worries like hell. He'd be inhuman if he didn't. I'm not saying you go randy in a film studio every time you kiss a guy but, when you get a full-blooded tongue kiss and the guy's kneading your breasts and rubbing his penis against your fanny, well, you don't just shrug that off like a handshake.

Author: It causes friction at home?

Mona: When you're in love, it does! Later, when your boyfriend doesn't care a damn what you do, or with whom you bang, you get cynical. But in the beginning it's rotten . . .

Author: Can actors tell the difference when another actor's *acting* a love scene or not?

Mona: Sometimes, but, when you're in love, you always suspect the worst. That suspicion saps the best of relationships. If it doesn't end in divorce it stultifies a marriage into cold-blooded indifference.

Author: Do prolonged rep. tours often result in infidelity?

Mona: It's almost taken for granted.

Author: In what way is this infidelity taken for granted?

Mona: Well, Christ! If you are going to chase all over the country, having what is the equivalent of one-night stands and very often appearing opposite occasionally dishy guys, you are bound to want to screw sooner or later. For a start, you are usually in very close contact with the male actors—and this contact is quite an emotional thing. Stands to reason that your fanny itches after a while, right?

Author: Marriage is never a very stable relationship; do you consider an actor's life an added handicap to marital bliss?

Mona: Definitely in the first years. At a later age it may actually form a firm bond.

Author: To return to your own experiences; when did you first use sex deliberately as a weapon to further your career?

Mona: Like most actresses; on the assistant casting director of a small film company. For the first couple of years your daily routine is a round of all the agencies in the hope of catching a couple of days shooting in a crowd scene. It pays quite well and, if you had it all the year round, you'd be in the super tax bracket—but you don't. It's also a good way to learn the ropes and to get to know directors and such. There are always dozens of actresses lining the waiting rooms and corridors and, as a rule, the casting director will just shout: "Sorry, darling, nothing doing today!" the minute you pop your head round the door. The first thing you must do is try and get on a more friendly basis with the bastards so they'll think of you when a part does come along. I was barely eighteen at the time and, when an assistant director patted my bottom while saying "Sorry, love, nothing today", I cultivated him for all I'm worth and, from then on, wriggled my rump invitingly close to him. I knew from other girls that he was a randy little goat who only provided jobs for girls he fancied so I set out to be liked. My chance came when I happened to catch him alone in his office for a few minutes, by a miracle. I grabbed my chance and came so close I practically put my bottom in his hands. He said, "Sorry, love," but his hand went up my skirt. He was sitting at his desk and I was standing beside him and, when I did not draw back, his hand slid under my knickers and began tickling my vagina. I came even closer and said: "You *always* say that; when *will* there be something for me?" His long finger went up all the way and played with the slippery button deep inside my vagina and he said: "Well . . . maybe there's a slim chance tomorrow . . ." The finger succeeded in making my love juice flow, thank God, and he must have liked the feeling of warm stickiness coating his finger because he added: "Be there very early tomorrow evening—nine sharp!" Then the office got crowded again and I took my wet slit outside, walking on air! My first part was in sight. Next day I got the job; three days shooting at a tiny studio in South London for a B-picture, at fifteen quid a day. I also got a sort of dinner that evening, with vino at six bob and, once he thought he'd stuffed sufficient wine down my gullet, he decided it was time he stuffed something else somewhere else and took me to his boarding house where he smuggled me past his landlady to his room where I let him do what he liked with me, which was a hell of a lot, and took all night. Believe me, that was one guy who got his money's worth. I must have been the most willing bird he ever initiated. I remember I was sore as hell and needed soothing ointment for days. He had a great passion for cunnilingus and spent about two hours with his head buried between my open legs. Very nice—but wearing. That was the only time he took me out and the only job he ever got me. Next time he shouted, "Sorry, love" before I'd even taken a single step into his room.

Author: And, from there on, you used sex wherever you could?

Mona: Whenever I thought it would help. I dropped my tights so easily I should be the biggest star ever now if it was possible to sleep your way to the top. It took me nearly six years of satisfying every kind of kink before I came to my senses. Now, I stick to my boyfriend and won't give anyone so much as a smell of my knickers unless I want him to.

Author: Has the stage made you cynical of 'love'?

Mona: Of 'sex', not love! I still believe I'll meet a man one day with whom I'll have a meaningful relationship, but sex, that's just parting your legs and rotating your buttocks while pushing it up and down. You can easily think of next day's dinner, or another guy, while you do it. And one thing: sex won't get your name in lights, ever!

FIONA in Nassau

'. . . never have I met another man so clearly a penis worshipper than darling Dale of Nassau . . .'

I entered Nassau looking very virginal: white floppy hat, white wide-legged trousers, white see-through blouse—there'd be plenty of time later on to flaunt my limbs, once they had acquired more tan than the sea voyage had allowed me to get.

I knew I was going to like the 'Island of June' the minute I saw it first, standing high up on top deck of the cruiser that took me there.

There it was: two islands joined together by a beautiful bridge shaped like a horizontal parenthesis. As we drew nearer I could see masses of white and pastel pink and green buildings nestling amidst high palm trees with, here and there, an occasional white tower sticking up like mosque minarets.

Ahead, the SS NEW BAHAMA STAR was leaving the pier, the air was balmy and, all around us, little sailing boats were scuttling to and fro like happy porpoises.

All right, so a sailing boat doesn't resemble a porpoise. I merely meant to say that those sailing craft behaved like porpoises or, rather, the way I think porpoises should behave . . .

No, the sailing boats *didn't* take dives . . .

Simon and I watched as a couple

of busy tug boats put us snugly against the pier after which we had a quick drink and took taxis to our hotels. Simon thought it a great pity we weren't staying at the same hotel but, if the truth were told, I was rather happy with this arrangement. While I quite liked the guy and certainly wanted to see him again, I had no desire to have my 'style' cramped by having a 'steady' in tow. Apart from my own desires there was the Editor of M.O. to be considered; I doubted if he'd relish forking out huge sums in order to hear me describe repeat scenes over and over again.

My hotel proved to have a rather unusual colour scheme for the tropics: all light green with a fierce bright yellow. The floors were covered with a thick green carpet that looked for all the world like the stumpy grass seen everywhere on Nassau. I'm not sure why the management went out of their way to create this rural atmosphere unless they were trying to popularise indoors that typical outdoor rural activity of banging-in-the-grass; if so, they succeeded because that was exactly what Simon and I did in my room the minute he came to take me out to dinner that night.

Right away I noticed a difference in him. Where he had shed his inhibitions on board he was now once again all tensed up, forgetting all the golden rules of coitus and coming so fast it felt as if he'd never been.

He knew he had failed and my polite refusal to mention it only made it worse. Perhaps I should have made a crack about it, laughed it off, but I didn't. Result, the poor guy felt more and more inadequate and miserable. It's amazing how all-important sex is for the health of a human being during virile years; one fine fuck and Charlie's on top of the whole world for 24 long hours—one poor performance and, for the rest of the week, he feels lower than a worm. Hell! He *is* a worm!!

I once knew a man whose whole life was geared to his penis. He was a big bug in the city—import and export or something—a sort of British whiz-kid, but one with curious periods of inexplicable inactivity. The city would say 'The Master is resting, pondering his next big coup' but I knew differently. I knew the poor bugger had put up a lousy performance in bed the night before and the only financial deal he was capable of at that moment was buying a one-way ticket to the cemetery.

But to return to darling Simon. The poor goop was so cut up by his 'under par' performance that he felt low all evening and nothing I could say or do made the slightest difference. I could all but hear him say: 'You're only kind to me because you damn well know you'll soon have a real man in your arms.'

This wallowing in misery made him a poor companion and there were moments when I was tempted to say: 'I'm sorry I didn't dress properly; had I known we were going to a funeral I'd have worn black. . .'

Not surprisingly he made no attempt to see me to my room but wriggled off like a worm with indigestion.

I knew what was ailing him: an acute attack of jealousy following sexual inadequacy, according to medical books; sheer 'bed-flunk' in mine!

Simon knew all about me and my reasons for visiting the Caribbean. Where it hadn't bothered him on board ship, because I had made it abundantly clear he was my blue-eyed darling, our docking in Nassau had changed all that. All of a sudden I was no longer 'the girl in his life' but a 'bird with a purpose' and it was this 'purpose' he didn't like.

The next morning I woke bright and early on my enormous bed, stretched luxuriously for a few minutes and then did some exercises on the balcony, overlooking what must surely be one of the prettiest sights this side of heaven. It was great doing physical jerks in that warm sun, breathing clean fresh air and feeling the caressing cooling draught of the gentle breeze that makes Nassau such a paradise.

I breakfasted on a mixture of exotic fresh fruit and strong hot coffee and felt I was going to like my stay in the Bahamas. Leaning back with closed eyes, taking my early sun bath, I dreamed of finding my dream lover and staying forever on a little sandy island in the sun, never growing old, never growing cold, never ceasing to love or be loved . . . in other words, the kind of mush all of us dream of at some time or other. Good, healthy, therapeutic exercise as long as you don't overdo it. When dreams become too important you stop living.

I stopped dreaming, rubbed oil into my skin to keep it soft the way I (and quite a number of guys) like it best; dressed in white and set out to find romance. . . .

If I didn't find that ultimate romance which women's magazines are so lucky in discovering every week I did meet Dale and his 'tumescent' penis and it turned out to be quite an event.

Dale was a cosmopolitan globe-trotter, born and bred in Nassau, of English-American parents, as much at home in the Hong Kong Hilton hotel as in those of London, Beirut or New York. Dale was the kind of man who'd lose his gold cigarette lighter on the island of Bali, buy another one in Los Angeles en route for Miami with a gorgeous red-head, only to land up in Vienna with a marvellous blonde. A man at home everywhere, though his roots were buried in the Bahamas. He loved his native land and became almost as animated talking about it as he did loving a ripe bird (and that was pretty animated, believe you me! What with his tricks and his 'tumescent' penis . . .).

I met Dale just outside town, when I asked him the way to Blackbeard's Tower, a tourist attraction I had been told not to miss. I had hired a car and got lost in seconds or, maybe, the second I spotted Dale sunning on his front lawn.

It was a typical Hollywood glamour setting: an unbelievably deeply tanned man in short shorts, resting in a super-de-luxe garden chair with a fringe on top, sipping a long cool drink topped with ice and fruit, against a backdrop of sheer hard cash: one of those fantastic bungalows straight from a James Bond movie, complete with flowered terraces, small-brick square pillars, glossy green-tiled chinese roof, clusters of palm trees, masses of exotic flowers and, naturally, a private swimming pool. Dale's was shaped like a dumb-bell or yo-yo; two round pools connected by a narrow straight bit. Later, he confided to me that the whole was meant to resemble a female bosom.

"It's the child in me," he said, without a flicker of a smile, "I need the comfort of a perfect pair of tits."

He was tall, reasonably good-looking, dark-haired with a suggestion of grey at the temples. His arms were like a gorilla's, deeply tanned with gorgeous, long, black hair. I put his age around thirty.

He was most courteous and insisted on donning a multi-coloured shirt and showing me the way to Blackbeard's Tower in person.

"Imagine if you got lost, honey."

I doubt if he's as courteous—or pleasant—to passers-by who are not young, female, and passably good-looking, but who cares! He was good to me and gave me, for a short while anyway, the kind of life girls dream of, a life where work is a dirty word, where the sun always shines, where food and entertainment is eternal and lavish, men attractive and prices of no concern.

I knew I was a pick-up and didn't care. For a couple of hours I wanted to live like the King in France or, rather, in the Bahamas, and I wanted to find out if the King was as good in bed as he pretended to be, or better than, say, plain John Smith of Clapham Common.

Do the Jet Set men really have something others haven't? The obvious answer is: "Yes; money!" but that wasn't what I was after; not on that occasion anyway. . . .

There is no denying that Dale was undoubtedly a very amusing and excellent host. He spoke with the greatest of ease on a wide variety of subjects and about a great number of people whom I only knew as names on the front pages of newspapers but who were, to him, close friends of whom he knew intimate details. From everyone else it would have sounded like boasting, but not from Dale. He carried his wealth as naturally as a hobo carries his rags.

I never found out what he did for a crust—if indeed the guy ever did anything for money. A couple of times I overhead him say things on the telephone that might be connected with business but, if he was in any business, he certainly never let it interfere with his daily routine, and his daily routine, as far as I could see, was one continuous, conscious effort to enjoy every second of being alive.

He gave me a couple of super days; plenty of sight-seeing, plenty of food and drink, and plenty of personal attention, the latter dished out

with all the romantic courtesy of a Cary Grant. By midnight of the first day we ended up at his place (surprise, surprise!). The servants (four of them) were well-trained; none of them appeared before ten the following morning.

Though Dale had been attentive all day, and clearly after my body, he had never made this vulgarly obvious. He had simply edged nearer and nearer to my body (figuratively) in the manner of a big game hunter closing in on a prey which he both admired and coveted—but which he intends to 'kill' all the same.

He never said it in so many words but 'sex' was underlying most of his conversation, all of which was erotic without ever having to resort to four letter words or indeed any word that might have caused a single frown at a symposium of Calvinist ministers.

Once home he started by showing me some of the wonderful things he had been talking about: an almost priceless collection of modern art, some rare first editions, glorious antique jewellery and, lastly, something he had not mentioned: his charming, tanned prick!

It happened most deliberately, at the end of his 'tour de maison', clearly intended as the grand apotheosis of all his treasures. One moment I was looking at an early Miro hanging above a show case full of Egyptian gold objects and, next, I was staring at his naked body, with his honey-brown penis sticking out of a black curly bush.

I had been so engrossed in taking a closer look at Cleopatra's necklace that I hadn't noticed he had left the room and, when I turned round, there he stood, as naked as a Michaelangelo statue and as casual as a Borneo head hunter.

"And what do you think of my tumescent wonder?"

It was his serious expression, without the slightest hint of humour, and the use of the word 'tumescent' that floored me. No man has ever used it in connection with his penis; at least, not to me. That, and the fact that his face held such inutterable pride and happiness! He had been proud when showing me his art treasures but it was nothing compared to the pride he displayed when showing me his 'tumescent' tool. He clearly considered it the gem of all his possessions. There he stood, starkers amidst a collection of objects, the value of which I could only guess at, in a

NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY

The first play-off in our £1,000 Nude Photographic Competition

Announced in April the £1,000 *Men Only* Nude photo competition has induced thousands of entries. Finally we have managed to whittle down the leading contenders to a couple of dozen and starting next month we will reproduce a few of these in an effort to gauge our readers' valuable reaction. The standard of entries has been fantastic, as you'll see for yourself. Make sure of your copy by ordering it from your local newsagent today.

Also Next Month

The return of those decadent, vile, ancient, flesh and food loving Connoisseurs. This series was launched in the first of the new-look *Men Only* editions and when it was ended, thousands of letters were sent to these offices in protest. Don't miss the rogues' remarkable reappearance next month. And, of course, there'll be more of Fiona, more superbly photographed beautiful women—more exciting, adult features. All in *Men Only*, Britain's highest selling men's magazine.

Each month *Men Only* presents 100 pages or more of adult reading, sophisticated photo reportage and original humour. It is —*unquestionably*—Britain's highest selling men's magazine; yet, recently, W. H. Smith & Son refused to distribute the magazine any longer, possibly because they considered our approach a little too frank for their liking. If, as a result of this ban, you experience trouble in acquiring *Men Only*, we suggest you go to your local newsagent and ask him to order it personally for you. Alternatively, take out a full year's subscription to the magazine (which costs only £6·00 including postage) and have it delivered to your door without any delays. You, as *Men Only* readers, have made this magazine into the huge success it has become—and we are determined to see that there is no interference with your choice of reading.

Please send me the next twelve monthly issues of Men Only. *I enclose a cheque/postal order (made payable to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd.) for £6·00. Subscription Dept.,* Men Only, *2 Bolt Court, London E.C.4.*

Name (block capitals) .....

Address .....

.....

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house which, in its own rights, represented a small fortune, and all he wanted me to look at was his standing penis. From the way he looked I swear he considered his manhood by far the most valuable piece in his entire house. Now, don't get me wrong; it's only natural that we should value our own body, or parts of it, above all else, and the man who wouldn't gladly sacrifice all the Rembrandts in the whole world in order to hang on to his prick (Hey! that sounds funny!) must be a raving lunatic (or one hell of an art collector!) but Dale's look said more than that; it clearly indicated he expected *me* to value his penis above all treasures in the world.

He took my silence for dumbstruck admiration and said: "Don't you agree it's the most tumescent tool you've ever seen in your life?"

In all honesty I had to admit he had a beaut of a stand-on but it was that word 'tumescent' that silenced me. I had never heard it used to indicate a swollen 'size'. In fact, the only time I heard it used in conversation was when a fellow reporter described the bombastic, swollen style of a BBC commentator.

"Yes," Dale went on proudly, "It has this effect on all girls!"

Never have I met another man so clearly, so obviously and so devotedly a penis worshipper as darling Dale of Nassau. (His own penis that is—I doubt if he cares a tuppenny damn about other men's!).

He treated it as a human being, almost as a separate entity from himself, and spoke to it the way he spoke to me, sometimes translating its feelings for me.

"He loves you, Fiona; I can tell! He simply *worships* you. . . ."

He wasn't a bad lover; in fact, he was bloody good. Almost too bloody good! By that I mean that he knew all the tricks, knew how to impress and please a bird, how to play her like a trout so he could get the greatest benefit from her reactions, how to conserve his energy for the final, all-out, hell-of-a-bang that left us both shaking; yes, he knew it all and, yet, in some curious way, he was missing something all the time. It took me a while to work out what it was but I think I have it now: with all his wealth, experience, looks and efforts, darling Dale misses one vital item in the all important man-woman relationship: personal involvement!

Dale didn't 'relate'.

He never became a complete human being for me because he merely showed me his strength and his possessions; never himself. He showed his talents but not his failings. His love-making was like everything else about him: perfection without personal involvement. Even his final ejaculation was a triumph for his penis, not for him!

"Christ almighty! Fiona! You *must* admit he gave a good account of himself! Tell me—did he make you come adequately? Did you enjoy him?" Etc. etc.

I felt as if I'd been laid by a third person with Dale's kind permission and under his personal supervision.

This doesn't mean I did not enjoy sex with Dale. I lubricated like mad when he concentrated on caressing my vagina. Seated on the thick pile carpet, facing each other, he deftly manipulated the sensitive lips of my vagina with the tip of his 'tumescent' penis while, at the same time, fondling my breasts with his free hand, and licking the insides of my lips with his tongue. (He must have read the Perfumed Garden! Come to think of it, he may have written it!) In between kisses he spoke in a low, vibrant voice about all the dirty things a girl likes to hear when she's one hundred per cent randy. He never rushed his fences, never made a false step. He always knew what to do and how to do it superbly! The result was a near-perfect fuck that had all the right ingredients and, yet, was as sterile as a hospital injection.

A man must dare show a girl his faults and weaknesses before she can fully love him; maybe that's why Simon relates so much more strongly. I could fall for Simon in a big way, if I wanted to but I could never really love Dale. Simon makes me feel important; he needs me—the real me, the whole me, not just the middle part that contains a warm pouch which reacts convulsively to a man's titillation; Dale is only concerned with establishing the superiority of his bed technique, the power of his all-tumescent penis; all he wants is the adoration and applause of a lovely bird, and her admission that his prick is the greatest!

Maybe there *is* nothing I can give a man like Dale who has everything, including dozens of gorgeous birds all over the world, but I don't like being made aware of it quite that much.

Not that Dale ever did so, at least, not in words. From the moment we met to the time he kissed me goodbye, 48 hours later, when he was off to Acapulco to attend a birthday party of some Greek millionaire, he remained a perfectly charming, suave lover whose words expressed admiration and respect, and whose actions in bed expressed erotic excitement. We had two major encounters: one on the carpet, in a sitting position, and one on his huge, low bed, lying side by side, my left leg thrown high over his right hip, and his tumescent penis drilling and burrowing like an eager ferret chasing an ever retreating rabbit.

I don't know if Dale will remember me—if he does I hope I'm a person, not another convenient snatch for his brown warrior to subdue, though I doubt if he's capable of real love for another human being. Men like Dale love parts of people; breasts, legs, lips, bellies, sayings and sometimes actions, but never the whole package.

Still, I'm glad I had my little adventure with the Jet Set. It has laid a ghost that's been haunting me for a couple of years.

Fare thee well, Dale darling; may you forget your tumescent prick and discover the happiness that can come from being 'imperfect'. The time will come when that penis won't be what it is now; may you find there's something better about you by then

Fiona Richmond stars in Pyjama Tops at the Palace Pier Theatre, Brighton

"When Paul Raymond asked me to play the part of the mistress in his big-hit sex comedy on its Summer run in Brighton, I was astonished —and delighted.

'But what about my articles in Men Only*?' I asked. 'Get them researched and written up in advance,' said Mr. Raymond—'I'll straighten out the Editor.' (Mr. Raymond is very good at straightening out Editors.) So here I am, playing to packed audiences in one of the sexiest and funniest plays I have ever seen, let alone played in. What would make the whole thing even more fabulous would be if some of you* Men Only *readers could come and see me in the play. I mean, I've made such great friends with so many of you through the post, it would be nice to meet in the flesh: and I* mean *the flesh; because I spend half the evening running about the stage in the nude. Ring the Box Office (Brighton 0273 682276) for full details. Why not bring your wife or girlfriend (or both) to see the show. I'll try not to be jealous."*

Sarah

"Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man . . ."

Sarah detests her name and wishes it were 'Marlene'. Marlene is all the things Sarah desires to be . . . Her beauty is a legend. She is female—feminine, fragile, delicate; men jump to their feet, hold her coat, open doors, worship; women both adore and envy but never bitch, gossip or malign. She is also strong, resilient but sensitive, easily hurt if betrayed, vulnerable, moved to tears. She is flesh and blood real yet eternal woman, Venus, all woman, goddess, idol. She is brave, kind, generous, witty; she can come out of herself, stand back and laugh at herself. She is intelligent and wise; her advice is not easily disputed, her counsel ignored. She is friendly,

open, approachable but curiously
mysterious even though we are al
aware of the mystery even if we can'
fathom it. She knows who she i
and where she's going. She's n
revolutionary activist but she can hol
her own against any man and n
woman ever gets in her way; she's
man's woman, not a woman's woman
She is sophistication, the world, th
universe. She is love, no lorelei o
lyrebird, just love and she love
romance and is cynical. In fact
'Marlene' is Dietrich and Dietrich i
'Marlene'
It's not surprising Sarah worship
Marlene Dietrich. She's read all th
books and magazine articles about her
seen all her old films, bought all he
recordings. The walls of her larg
studio bedroom at her parents' hom
in Belgravia are covered with Dietrich
photographs—Dietrich in films
Dietrich in concert
Dietrich being Dietrich
Sarah had been rather extravagan
with her model's earnings—bough
an MG Midget, went on holiday t
America, restocked her wardrobe wit
expensive clothes—so when she hear
Marlene Dietrich was to appear in
concert, a one-woman show at th
Queen's Theatre, she saved he
pennies hard, borrowed off her Da
and bought tickets in the front row
for every performance . . . 16 in all
including two matinees each week.
Sarah describes the experience.
"It was shattering. Incredible.
Fantastic. The audiences were lik
myself, not merely Dietrich fans
but Dietrich addicts. We suffer from
an idée fixe. We're obsessed," sh
laughs. "I wasn't the only person in
the audience who attended every
performance: there were several of us;
we got to know each other on christian
name terms, met for tea at Joe Lyons
before the performances and talked
Dietrich; they were both male and
female of all ages, not just older
people who remember Miss Dietrich
from her heyday, but young people
like myself who have grown to love her.
You can imagine what th
atmosphere in the theatre was lik
before each performance: it was one o
excitement; you could feel the tension
mounting. Then the lights were
lowered, the curtain went up and th
orchestra played the overture. As you
probably know, all of Miss Dietrich'
songs are arranged by the American
Burt Bacharach; he's had an enormous
influence helping Miss Dietrich
to be attractive to and communicate
with the young audiences. Finally, just
as the suspense was becoming unbearable
Miss Dietrich appeared—looking
taller than she is, slender, elegant and
beautiful in a semi-transparent
jewelled gown and furs, her hair
golden—to thunderous applause.
The audience adored her, went wild
after each number, each comment, each

smile; they were slaves. Her performance lasted only an hour. She talked about her career, going all the way back to Germany for The Blue Angel, *covering the ground to the present day, lacing it with all the songs we associate with Miss Dietrich such as 'They Call Me Naughty Lola' and 'Where Have All the Flowers Gone?'. Then at ten o'clock sharp Miss Dietrich took her first curtain call and that's when the performance really commenced. The entire audience jumped to their feet and stood in tribute for forty minutes. It was a standing ovation while Miss Dietrich bowed, talked, sang, shook hands several times with all of us sitting in the first couple of rows. She was bombarded with roses, dozens and dozens of roses; I took a dozen red roses every night myself—two dozen matinee day—and after the final performance Miss Dietrich accepted my roses as graciously as ever and then sank elegantly to the floor and kissed the back of my hand. I shall never forget that night as long as I live. I don't think I washed my hand for days," Sarah laughs, but it's plain she's close to tears.*

"After every performance a few hundred members of the audience congregated outside the Stage Door to wait for Miss Dietrich's departure. Her car and chauffeur were always there waiting to carry her away and after half an hour or so she would appear, beautifully dressed, smiling and waving, talking to the crowd, shaking hands, the photographers' flash-bulbs flashing and then, before you knew it, the magic was driven off into the distance and you were left standing in the street feeling . . . what's the right word? Stunned. *Without saying a word to a soul you moved slowly down Shaftesbury Avenue in* deafening *silver discs of silence. I've never dropped acid but I think I know the feeling."*

Sarah has one gift which, for all her admirable qualities, Marlene Dietrich lacks. That's youth. Sarah has it on her side. She can sing and dance a little and takes lessons and she's also a good mimic, her impersonations being her forté. *Let's be realistic and face it: it wasn't singing and dancing that got Marlene Dietrich where she is today. It was having an aura and Sarah certainly has an aura all her own.*

A Consumer Report on nauseating behaviour. Compiled by Tym Manley

THE SEXUAL SLOBS' RUDE HANDBOOK

Incorporating the Third Annual Report of the Consumer Avoidance Directory Service (C.A.D.S.)

A message from our chairman (Vice Commodore Sebastian Tick-Leach)

It is with a grateful heart and a heavy wallet that I remember the foundation of C.A.D.S. It was while testing a batch of inferior whiskeys, for the C.A. I remember. Suddenly I realised that—such was the range of shoddy goods available to the consumer—the C.A.'s reports were not indicative of the best buy, but a list of things to be avoided. Shortly afterwards, while testing a gaggle of inferior whores under the influence of the demon drink, the pieces mated. Why not, I thought, expand this service to the seamier side of human life? Surely the suckers would pay for information which would enable them to avoid disgusting people and embarrassing scenes. And that was not all. Pervert the idea and a list of the sort of filth most people pretend to want to avoid becomes a legal 'What's On' to the filthy and degrading. Thus screwing two birds with one tax-deductable charity organisation.

The idea was an immediate success and C.A.D.S. was founded in 1970 as an off-shoot of a notable association.

Having been founded, our first report dealt, necessarily, with tax avoidance. This was, unfortunately, never made public, although the company was. Our second report, however, dealing with publications *was* published and caused a great stir.

At this point let me make it clear that, although we deal with the low and vile, we try to keep our own hands clean. We take many precautions—like using rubber gloves while handling the money. Despite this, we have naturally had our problems. For example, in our Publications Report we gave our readers specific details, telling them how to avoid a typical pornographer who would embarrass them by leaping out and proferring truly obscene photographs.

Recognition Features—Dress: Long, colourless mackintosh.

Characteristics:

(1) Furtive, crab-like manner.

(2) Bowed legs.

(3) Hare lip.

(4) Lack of nose, and so on.

We apologise to Miss Katie Enwhistle for any inconvenience caused her by the crowds which followed her around Bolton. These mistakes can happen and we trust that the supply of photographs has compensated her for her harrowing experience. Hope business is good, Katie!

Again, we describe a type of old man who should be avoided.

Recognition Features—Dress: Respectably conventional.

Characteristics:

(1) Balding.

(2) Is compulsive social worker due to expiation of guilt complex.

(3) Mystical looking.

(4) Hangs around porno book shops and doubtful theatre or cinema clubs.

Our apologies your Lordship!

This brings me to the form of the present report. We decided, long ago, that an unpaid army of spies was essential to our great purpose. Schoolboys and girls were the obvious answer, as they have no scruples, and indeed, *should* be educated into public-spirited spying. Furthermore, they were cheap.

C.A.D.S. swung into action. Avoidance is nine points of the law. Forget the old, hackneyed attitude of spying for gain. Spy for evasion instead. The point struck us like a boozer to a bottle and before long we had queues the length of London, all vying for spying. A right regular lot of George Blakes they were—hell-bent on getting the most out of their orbs. And so, quite soon, we had an army of them on our hands, narks to a lad, all eager to exploit and burst dirty old England at the seamiest seams.

This year we sent our young members out to spot the most nauseating sort of sexual slob. We found them excellent for the task, many of them having plenty of experience already in this field. Their findings make up the bulk of this report.

It remains for me to thank all our young observers and leave the reading of the report to the executive officer in charge of its compilation. A fitting man, I am sure you will agree, to compile a report on the more disgusting aspects of humanity.

The Report

This is C.A.D.S.'s most revealing report to date. Not only do we tell you who to avoid, and how, but we give detailed instructions which will enable you to recognise the offensive brute when he is operating incognito. Yes, be he the Prime Minister himself.

Nausea Ratings. The most nauseating thing about sexual slobs is the way they tend to fascinate us ordinary people. Our 'Sundays' are thick with the maniacal doings of rapists and whores. We should detest their acts, and yet we lap up the details. That makes them *sick* and us nauseous.

This is the criterion used to judge comparative nausea quotients—the most nauseating being the one who fascinates us all the most. This, in conjunction with their availability and persistance. (After all, one can hardly claim to be nauseated by the coprophiliacs of Malaya if one has to hire a mule train, porters, etc., and hack a path through fifty miles of jungle in order to see their elevenses disinterred!)

The embarrassment coefficient is also borne in mind. Thus the drooling old road sweeper who follows one down Oxford Street with his penis a-dangle is more nauseating than the man who gives you a quick flash as you tee off and has gone by the time you find your ball.

Marks from one to ten have been awarded each type of slob using these criteria by a panel of horny ex-slobs. Thus the female exhibitionist receives no marks to kick off with and so on.

The Dreaded Flasher

How to recognise him. Place: The flasher usually inhabits the quieter parts of parks or deserted streets. He likes to be in a place where he can be sure of the occasional woman passing by on her own.

If you see a man with his penis hanging out in a crowded shopping centre he is probably not a flasher. He is probably a twit. Maybe his penis has fainted and he is reviving it in the fresh air. Maybe he is wearing a new fashion. Maybe he is a medical student who has sewn a dissected corpse's equipment on to his fly for effect. (If he rips it off with his bare hands this is most likely the case.) Maybe he usually has intercourse at that hour and his flies have got into the habit of opening automatically. Maybe you are in the grip of sexual fantasy and ought to see a psychiatrist! Whatever the reason, *ignore* him—everybody else will.

Dress: In these less conventional days, the traditional long raincoat is tending to disappear. Sailor type trousers, which have a swiftly removable flap, are now being worn by the more fashionable flasher. However, the famous 'Bishop's Flash Unit' is still in use. It consists of a regulation fawn mackintosh and a pair of trouser legs fastened at the knees with binder twine. This allows the well-dressed flasher to look quite normal in the street and still expose his naked loins at the slip of a button.

Kinds of flasher. (1) The flasher with the flaccid penis. This type will do anything shocking in order to get attention! He is not really a sexual offender; if he hadn't thought of flashing and his mummy hadn't kept smacking him every time he let it all hang out, he would probably be flying about in a black jet, surrounded by a lot of beautiful girls and photographers. So be thankful for small mercies! The motto of this type of flasher is: he who flashes and runs away, lives to flash another day. He is an entertainer, he makes you laugh. But try to restrict your mirth. Remember he could have been a playboy!

(2) The flasher erectus. This guy is out for a sexual thrill. He will rush off to masturbate when he has done his thing. He is trying to assert his masculinity. He is saying "look at my huge penis!" The most sickening thing about this type is that he may well flash at your girlfriend as you walk together / *continued on page 80*

69
4
5
9
3
10

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continued from page 78 through the park. This may not seem to be so very nauseating at first. It becomes so when you realise that the flasher's erect penis is a lot bigger than *your* erect penis!

(3) The all-lit-up type. This flasher is in the game in a big way. He is not content with just exposing his penis in its natural state. The all-lit-up flasher paints his organ in fluorescent orange and green. His long coat is special too. The coat has several rings of fairy lights sewn inside it, powered by a battery in the flasher's pocket. When he opens his coat, FLASH—everything lights up. Music plays and a light show flickers around his testicles. In the trade, this type of set-up is known as the 'fairground organ'. It is very rare. This type of flasher is usually a millionaire.

The most famous flasher of this type was 'Jumping Jack Flasher'. This eccentric millionaire owned most of Las Vegas, and he really had style. Jumping Jack would hide in a box on a hydraulic platform, while his men rounded up an audience of the most beautiful girls they could find. Then, when all was ready, Jack would spring up with his lights on to the accompaniment of the 1812 Overture. Still more thrills were to come for the startled girls. Electronic devices on Jack's Organ turned it into a fruit machine. When pulled, oranges and lemons, projected on to Jack's stomach, would whirl round madly. The girl who brought Jack to orgasm would get three lemons and a huge fortune in I.B.M. shares. The world lost this great flasher when he ran for the Presidency of the United States in the early 1920s.

(4) Female flashers. This type of flasher prefers lighted windows, buses and high winds. Unlike their male counterparts they prefer public places. Indeed, they are all around you as you walk down the street. Female flashers are so common and give so little offence that our panel has given them a zero nausea rating.

(5) The flasher in mufti. You should have no trouble recognising the flasher when he is not on the job. You will notice his furtive glances, the way his hands stray to the buttons of his raincoat when a pretty girl passes by. You will notice a slight hesitation before he accepts an offer to take his coat off. You will also notice something about his face. You will notice that he has two black eyes.

Avoiding the flasher.

(1) Avoid his habitat.

(2) If you are a girl, change sex.

(3) Whether you are a man or woman, you can quite easily scare him off.

Dress up in a grey mack and assume a furtive manner. No flasher will flash at another flasher. Imagine the embarrassment he would feel should somebody yell out SNAP!

The Female Pornographer

How to recognise her. Place: The female pornographer usually likes to be seen in the arty cafes, pubs and clubs around Hampstead. She is usually observed dining with effeminate looking men with lisps and premature baldness. This is because the female pornographer is scared of sex.

You will notice that she has a very loud voice and says daring, liberated things like: "I think marriage is out of date," or "Call a fanny a fanny I say", or "If they're going to pretend to fuck, for fuck's sake why can't they go the whole fucking way and really fuck. It would be so much more relevant, don't you think?"

If you listen to her long enough, you will realise that she is completely imprisoned by the idea of being liberated. You will also be bored stiff. The female pornographer's conversation contains names like Aby Warburg and George Lichtheim. You may feel awfully inferior and illiterate as you listen. She is, you think, very well read. She is certainly very well read, she's read all the blurbs at the top of the *Times Literary Supplement* reviews! Gradually she will bring the conversation round to her own books. She will tell the whole place how hard they were to write, when they will be published, and the rotten royalties her publishers give her. What she won't say is what the books are about. You won't find that out until one of her bitchy friends goes over and yells: "Well, well, how are you old girl? And how's the porny book trade treating you?" Then she will try and put a good face on it, but it won't work. You see the female pornographer is deeply ashamed of her writing. The female pornographer usually has bloody good reason for being ashamed.

Types of Female Pornographer (1) The dry and brittle type. This F.P. has never had it in her life, and doesn't want it. What she wants is the salacious pleasure of prying into other people's sex lives, even if she has to invent them in order to do it. She usually spends a lot of time on researching each of her revolting works. That means interviewing people about their revolting private lives. She loves that. If you saw her during one of those interviews, you would probably notice that she was rubbing her thighs together very fast. With thighs as brittle and dry as hers, you might fear that they would catch fire.

This type of F.P. usually washes her hands a lot. This indicates that she has a fear of masturbation. However, this type never masturbates. She wouldn't know how.

(2) The overblown frustrated type. This type has never had it in her life either, but unlike the above type, she wants it. God how she wants it! She is often found in the law courts, listening to some juicy case. She too is researching, she says, but really she is ogling the rapist in the witness box. See her snakes eyes moving over his strong body, she laps up his powerful torso and as the girl tells how he tied and stripped her, see the F.P.'s tongue running over her lips. When the prisoner is led away, see how her eyes caress his firm young thighs and pause meditatively on the virile bulge in his Y-fronts. You will also see that the rapist is an emaciated seventy-five year old weakling. The F.P. is using artist's licence.

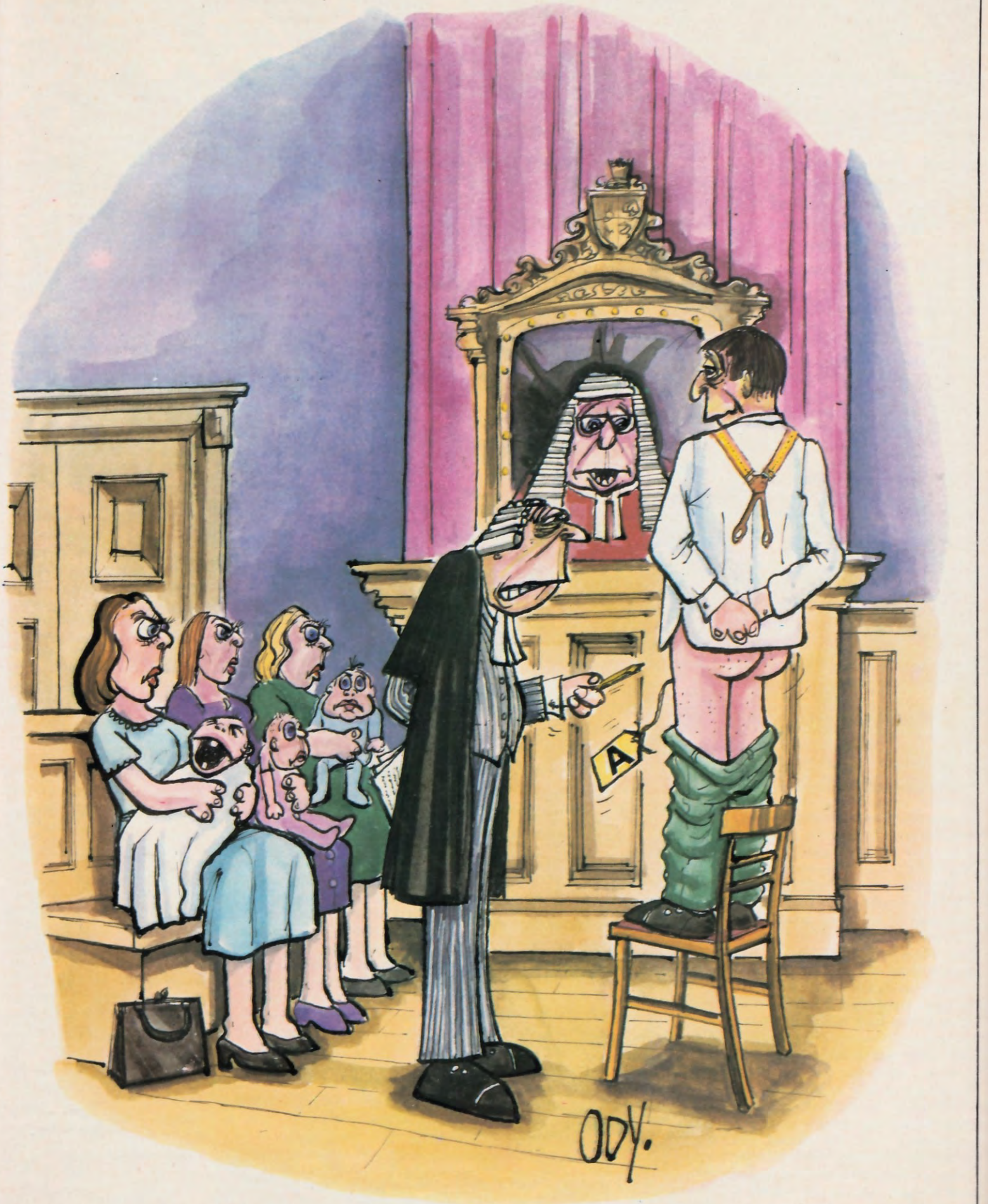
You will notice that this type also washes her hands a lot—but she has more reason! If you read her abysmally boring works, you will soon realise that she is specifically hung up on some sexual activity. How many times does her heroine's gentle mouth take in the rearing purple head of an erect penis? If it happens a lot, you will know that the F.P. finds fellatio especially depraved and disgusting. *She* would never do it. She'll never have the chance—her very presence causes the most virile penis to wilt.

(3) The Potential Female Pornographer. This type thinks about nothing else but sex, and does nothing else but have sex. So busy is she that she can't find the time to write about it. This is a pity—at least she knows what she is talking about.

How to avoid the Female Pornographer (1) If you must go to Hampstead, *read* Aby Warburg and George Lichtheim. A single well-informed comment will have her remembering an important engagement in a trice.

(2) Try to pick her up. This works like a charm, but make sure your quarry is a female pornographer, not a sixty-year-old nymphomaniac.

(3) Become a *continued on page 84*



"Exhibit 'A' M'lud"

Very Interesting

An exhilarating, lucrative and successful way of improving a most vital asset.

By Steve Croesus

'The best things in life are free.' If you believe that, friends, you have been brain-washed. It's a myth fostered by the gaffers to stop you asking for more bread. The best things in life are expensive—damned expensive—and top-class crumpet takes it from you more than most.

So, if you want to be a successful Don Juan—and who doesn't?—you need money, and, in this feature, month by month, we propose to tell you how to make it so that you can make it.

O.K.—we know what you're saying—"This guy's a joker—follow his advice, and we'll be skint in next to no time". Not so, friends. Follow us, and you are on to a winner—not overnight, perhaps not this year, but, within five years, success is guaranteed.

Now, making money is a dead serious business to some. It gives them ulcers, and they have no time for the chicks, but it can, *and should*, be fun—a damn sight funnier than losing it, which thousands of mugs do every week, yet still get a kick out of checking their dud pools coupons, or seeing their horse limp home last.

Why do people do the pools? Do they really expect to win a fortune? If so, they need their heads examined. A punter stands less chance of making a big killing than of being struck dead himself by lightning. In his heart he must know this. If he does not, then he's a fool, and doesn't deserve to win money. There's hope, certainly, and fantasy. Fantasy is just as important to the pools promoter as it is to the call girl.

There is the thrill of anticipation, mounting steadily until the appointed time, the almost unbearable tension, so delicious, then disillusionment—five draws out of eight. But, on the whole, it is considered money well spent—it must be, otherwise the pools (and the prostitutes) would be out of business.

We propose to show you how to enjoy the titillation of Saturday night five times a week, Monday to Friday, throughout the year. You can pick your own team, too, and play it against the field. There is no 'close season' on the Stock Exchange.

No doubt, we have amongst our readers some wheeler-dealers who will read our column with a mixture of condescension and anger — condescension because they think they know it all, anger because they are accustomed to having all the loaf, and now the 'man-in-the-street' is being shown how to cut himself a slice of bread.

We will start on the assumption that all you know about stocks and shares is that the former are the standard masochist's equipment, and the latter means stuffing Sally on Mondays and Thursdays, while Tom and Dick have her the rest of the week.

Mention the Stock Market to Fred Bloggs, and, as like as not, he will make disparaging noises, which, on being interpreted, boil down to:

A: It is all too complicated for him to understand,

B: It is a gamble,

C: You have got to have capital to succeed.

The funny thing is that Fred Bloggs has complicated pools permutations and betting odds at his finger-tips, just loves a 'flutter', and has enough capital to chuck money down the drain every week.

In this introductory piece, we have no intention of being specific. All we aim to do is capture your interest, and make you look forward to next month's issue of *Men Only* for reasons other than tit and bum, because, then, we shall really start getting down to brass tacks.

However, to deal with Fred Bloggs' criticisms:

A: The Stock Market is, without doubt, too complicated for you to understand fully, but, then, so are football fixtures and racing forms. When you fill in your pools coupon or place your bet, how are you to know that, by next Saturday, Francis Lee will be in hospital, or that Lester Piggott is sickening for the flu? No-one can have all the information, but you can get to know enough to make money. What's more, if your selected 'team' strikes a bad patch, you will never lose *all* your money, and your losses will be more then recouped in time. *This is a fact, not a gambler's vain hope.*

You are at liberty to make as many team changes as often as you wish. You are the manager, and can buy, sell or retain, according to current form and future prospects. Nor are you limited to eleven players. There is virtually no limit to the number of members you can place in your team, and, for the modest outlay of £5·00 per month, you can have some of the strongest players in the land on your side. They will not all be off form together, and collapses such as Rolls-Royce are, fortunately, very rare. In any case, a good team manager would have seen the signs of *that* breakdown well in advance, and would have arranged a transfer.

B: Yes, there is some element of risk, but only over the short term. Anyway, isn't the thrill of a gamble what you want? In the long run, however, the only gamble is whether you double your money or treble it. Over the short run, you may often be a loser *on paper*, but keep your nerve, play it cool, pit your wits against the Market, re-arrange your team, and, in the end, you are certain to win. Your money is as safe as the Bank of England —and we mean that literally!

C: Yes, you do need capital, and the more you have, the better you are likely to do, but, as we have already said, you can begin to enjoy the thrills of High Finance for as little as £5·00 per month. And consider this—you put £5·00 on a horse, the race lasts about two minutes, and the nag is unplaced. That was an expensive and short-lived thrill. Invest £5·00 in the Market, and your choice runs for you five times a week, every week. You will *never* lose all your stake, and, if you follow our advice, you will double it sooner or later. Invest £5·00 *each* month, and, as your stake grows, so does the excitement.

Playing with loot is always a rather heady experience; this implies that one should not lose it. Money has a certain impetus; in the wrong hands the pursuit of such riches could be a quest for fool's gold. This does not mean that chasing the lolly should be a chore. It can be a lot of fun!

Interested? We sincerely hope so. But, *please*, do not expect miracles. We promise none of those. What we *do* promise is a completely new outlook on life, a new hobby (it will make a change from sex!), a better money's worth from your morning paper (believe it or not, you will soon find yourself turning to the City pages before you read the sporting news!) and increased wealth. Have some money ready for next month. MJ

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SWISS HAMILTON

THE SEXUAL SLOBS' RUDE HANDBOOK

continued from page 80 / publisher and refuse to publish trash. She will never speak to you again.

The Homosexual Bog-Watcher or "Piss Artiste"

How to recognise it. Place: The piss artiste inhabits the urinals of large stations. He may also be found in pubs, and even in the local two-stand piss house in a tiny village. However, big cities are his favourite rumping ground. If he is dressed normally, you have no immediate way of spotting him. You will have to rely on tactile indications. You will have to wait until his hand smoothes your delicate bum and reaches between your thighs to give your balls a gentle squeeze. If you are at the urinal engaged in that fluid release for which you were breaking your neck, you will find this a difficult move to combat. When you have finally finished filling up your shoes, he will have slipped into the crowd—or into *one* of the crowd.

But do not despair. The habitual P.A. is usually pretty obvious. Firstly, you will notice that he is loitering. It is very difficult to conceal the fact that you are loitering in a public lavatory, there are so few things that you can actually do. I mean you can't go on washing your hands for ever, can you?

The P.A. also takes a lot of trouble over his appearance, his hair is neatly coiffed, perhaps a little face bronzer is used, perhaps the delicate dab of aftershave he uses will bring him to your attention subtly—by knocking you off your feet when you come within six feet of him! From a distance he looks quite flash, but look at him more closely. You will see that his shirt is worn, and the cuffs dirty, his old school tie is stained. His shoes yawn like tatty alligators at every step, and his horse-like smile retains clinging scraps of food and nicotine. This is because he has no money. If he had, he would not be a P.A., he would be an advertising executive.

When you get very close to him, you will notice something about his face. You will notice that his eyes are twisted towards the left. This is caused by too much peering over the top of the urinal dividers to size up the prick next door. The P.A. always peers into the urinal on his left. This is because he is right handed!

Kinds of P.A. There are only two types of P.A.: the passive and the active. Both these species can be observed, given a suitable situation. Say, for instance, you finish work on a Friday night, and celebrate the end of the week by drinking too much beer and smoking too many cigarettes in too many pubs with too many thirsty mates. It's late, so you end up on the station with half an hour to wait for a train and half a gallon of beer waiting to come out. You can now be sure of spotting a number of P.A.'s. The first time you descend the tiled stairway to the urinal, you will be an unknown quantity: the watching P.A.'s won't know whether you are A.C. or D.C., and will be afraid that if they touch you they might get a shock. You will notice one of them standing close to you on your right, peering over at your prick. This will either annoy you or not, depending on how well you are hung. On turning round to do your flies up, you will notice two or three P.A.'s standing by the cubicle doors batting their eyelids at you like digital clocks. This time, however, if you ignore them, they will leave you alone. Now you know which are active and which are not.

However, half an hour is a long time to wait, and half a gallon is a lot of beer, a combination which may necessitate yet another trip down the stairs. They will still be there, and they will reckon that your re-appearance signifies *interest*. This time, the active P.A. on your right will gently handle your buttocks and balls, and, on turning round, you will notice that one of the passive variety has accidentally left the door of his cubicle open as he searches for something behind the pedestal with his trousers round his ankles. However, from under his delicate armpit you will just be able to see a pair of fawn-like eyes, batting their lids at you like bees wings.

Your third trip will be a bummer! By this time they will certainly have you sussed out, and you will find the active members all erect around you openly masturbating as they handle your thighs. On turning round, you will notice that all the cubicle doors have been left accidentally ajar, and all the passive P.A.'s seem to be searching for something behind the pedestal. Some may even be cooling their anal orifices in the night air by pulling their buttocks apart. If you were afraid you might have some homosexual tendencies, this is the acid test!

Avoiding the P.A.

(1) Use the ladies.

(2) If you are afraid to take the action suggested in (1), you cannot really avoid them. However, here are some tips for scaring them off: (a) When the active P.A. gives you that gentle squeeze, don't fill your own shoes up, fill his. (b) Turn round sharply and spray all the P.A.'s with a liquid arc. (c) Swiftly run to the cubicles, and kick each limpid posterior extremely hard. With luck, they may fall into the pedestals. Believe me, there is no one more harmless than a man with his head and shoulders stuck inside a lavatory, and his trousers round his ankles. Leave them there at the mercy of the active P.A.'s—a good time will be had by all.

Appendix

Three short notes on revolting types who, although recommended by many observers, were not thought by our panel to merit full length discussion or consideration for our annual prize.

The Prick Teaser. This lady is very common and exceptionally trying to many members. However, our panel thought that one man's prick teaser is another man's lay, and so placed her low in the nausea ratings. Because of her widespread incidence, however, we append a short note on dealing with her.

(1) When the P.T. cops out on you at the last minute, completely ignore the fact and make no comment.

(2) On future occasions ignore her completely.

(3) When she barges into your room in a see-through blouse, demanding aspirins, give her aspirins *only*!

(4) When she barges into your room with no blouse on at all, give her aspirins.

(5) When she barges into your room with no clothes on and demands to be raped there and then—refuse. Say you are a little kinky, and can only make love to a woman if she is tied up. If she refuses to be bound, give her aspirins and a dressing gown.

(6) When she demands to be bound, tie her to the bed, go down to the pub, and bring back all the guys she's teased in the last six months.

(7) Buy a new bed.

(8) Revenge is sweet.

The Peeping Tom. Because this man is usually unnoticed, our panel gives him a low nausea rating. There are three types: (1) The type who is attached to a ministry astronomical department: (2) The street Tom who spends his time looking at windows and little girls playing netball: and (3) The lavatory Tom who bores a hole between the cubicles and glues his eye to it. Of them all, the last is the most often complained of as he catches one in one's least dignified pose.

Avoiding the Peeping Tom

(1) This type can be avoided simply by living on the moon. He never thinks of looking up!

(2) This type can be fooled by projecting a blue movie on one's bedroom curtains. Then go out for the evening. The poor fool will sit there all night. When you get back, take him a cup of tea. He'll need it.

(3) One of our observers has suggested dissuading this type by poking a long screwdriver violently through the hole: we do not recommend this barbaric custom—stick to lighted cigarettes.

The Cinema Seat Hopper. Medium nausea rating for this lad. Tactics: grope, squeeze, stare straight ahead, soft scuffling movements; vamoose to another seat before the senses five have time to function and the blood to pound.

How to cope. Allow full rein to his fumbling fingies; hold in your own hand; saw gently with your steel comb.

The Prize Winner

Our panel decided that the choice lay between the erect flasher with a penis longer than one's own, the first type of female pornographer and the active piss artiste. Going by the criteria of availability and persistence, and by the fact that one of our panel is married to a female pornographer, they decided that she should be eliminated, because, although boring, she is more ludicrous than nauseating. Secondly, because our panel are male chauvinists, are quite unable to believe that a flasher can exist who has a longer penis than their own, he too was eliminated. It seemed then that the vote would fall on the active P.A. until a last minute entry was received from one of the most nauseating slobs of them all.

Surprise entry—the man who writes articles like this for Men Only

The panel described this man as truly nauseating. He writes because he enjoys it, and he happens to be extremely good at it, which is just too sick-making. Avoiding him is quite easy: all you have to do is refrain from reading his article. But there is one snag. You have just finished it! MO

TALES OF 1001 NIGHTS

Freely retold
by:
N. Mar Leaguen

The Hashish Dream

Shahrazad spoke thus:

It is related, O auspicious King, that in the reign of the Kalipha Harun al Rashid there lived a man in the city of Onari who loved above all the flesh of young virgins and who occupied himself solely in the satisfaction of his insatiable appetite.

Now such delectable flesh, when carefully chosen, is very expensive and no fortune on this earth is big enough to buy such a man all he needs.

One day, wandering around the town on naked feet clad in rags, begging for his daily bread in the market, he stepped upon a nail which entered his foot, causing it to bleed exceedingly.

As the blood continued to flow, even after he had attempted to stop it by winding linen around it, he entered the hammam and sat down in the common hall which, though reserved for the poor, was nevertheless wonderfully bright and clean.

As he sat bathing his foot in the central basin, he noticed that a man sitting beside him, who had already bathed, was munching something.

Watching the movements of the man's cheek muscles Makan became acutely aware of his own hunger and asked the man what he was eating.

The man first looked around him to make sure no one was listening after which he whispered:

"I'm eating hashish. I will give you a little if you like."

"I would like it very much," said Makan.

The eater handed some over, saying:

"May it lighten all your griefs."

Makan took the piece and, being very hungry, swallowed it whole. Then, being unaccustomed to the drug, he burst into giggling laughter, filling the entire hall with his excessive mirth. Within minutes he fell back onto the naked marble and became a prey to the following delicious visions:

He thought that he was lying naked under the hands of a strong rubber with two negro assistants, who had taken possession of his body. He was a toy in their hands; they turned and moulded and kneaded him in every way, and he felt their muscular fingers digging expertly into his tender flesh. Soon he lay groaning beneath the weight of their knees upon his belly as they rubbed him skillfully, and then rejoiced as they bathed him from shining copper basins and rubbed him with expensive oils.

At last, the master rubber wished to wash certain delicate parts of Makan, but, as this seemed to tickle him, Makan said he preferred to do this himself.

When the bath was over, the chief rubber covered Makan's body with three towels as white as jasmine, and said:

"My Lord, the time has come for you to enter your bride."

Makan was surprised.

"What bride?" he asked, "I am a bachelor. Have you by any chance been eating hashish that you make such big a mistake?"

"Do not jest with me," said the big rubber. "But follow me, for your bride is awaiting you most eagerly."

Thus they brought him to a half-lighted hall, warmed and scented with incense, where he found a wide dish covered with fruits and pastries, sherbets and vases of gorgeous flowers. The three attendants begged him to sit upon an ebony stool after which they retired discreetly.

Soon a young boy came and stood before Makan, saying:

"O King of time, I am your slave."

Makan gave a bellow of laughter and quite disregarding the beauty of the boy, exclaimed joyfully:

"As Allah lives, I think that everyone must have been eating hashish here. They are calling me a king now. Come here, my boy, and cut me half a melon.

When the boy brought him what he desired, cut into admirable slices, Makan said:

"Now begone, for you are not what I want. Go run and fetch me my heart's desire: a lovely young virgin to go with the water melon."

The boy departed and presently returned with a beautiful young girl, who advanced upon Makan swinging her ripe hips.

Makan dribbled with delight upon seeing this tasty morsel; he took her in his arms and, holding her naked body firmly between his eager thighs, began kissing her ardently.

He made the girl slip beneath him and told her to take out his manhood and do to it all the things a girl can do to a man's best friend.

"Feel free to handle it forcefully, for I have not tasted a girl's flesh for a long time; knead it vigorously and do not be afraid to bite it sharply for my desires are strongly aroused."

All these delicious things were about to happen when Makan suddenly became very cold and woke from his beautiful dream.

Instead of being in the arms of a ripe young virgin he found himself surrounded by all the bathers of the hammam, who stood laughing at him with all their hearts, opening their mouths like baker's ovens. They were pointing out to each other his naked zabb, which stood up into the air as far as was humanly possible, as great as that of a full-grown ass or an elephant.

In his confusion Makan replaced the towel over his thighs, saying bitterly to all those around him:

"Why did you take away the young girl, just as she was about to do what I like best; just as I was about to put this precious jewel into its rightful place?"

All the spectators rocked with laughter and clapped their hands in joy at his remark, crying:

"Are you not ashamed, O eater of hashish. Do you still have desires left after you have coupled so thoroughly with the air already?"

The King was convulsed with joyful laughter by this tale, rolling about on his backside and Shahrazad said:

"I shall now relate you a tale, O auspicious King, compared to which the tale of Makan is a serious one."

Communication

An opportunity for serious discussion on subjects covered in this magazine or linked with present society's enlightened attitudes. Readers who wish to submit correspondence to this article should address their letters to: Communication, Men Only, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Bolt Court, London E.C.4. It is important that you include your name and address on every letter you send—although name, address or both can be withheld from the published correspondence if you request it. Subscribers are reminded that only sincere and genuine letters will be considered for publication.

Living with a fetish

Sir: Please do not misunderstand me. It is not my intention to criticise your excellent publication or, indeed, any of the other magazines which are equally 'guilty' of the point I wish to make.

I am referring specifically to your recent excellent articles on rubber and leather fetishism. These and all the other articles and books I have read, though informative, accurate and entertaining in themselves, can never convey what it is actually like to have, in my case, rubber fetishism as a part of your daily life. Simply because such articles, etc., must be written from an objective point of view, a sort of unavoidable misrepresentation creeps in.

I could easily understand how anyone reading these articles imagines that the fetishist and anyone living with him lead a mysterious life, dotted with extraordinary orgies. My point is, as a woman who has lived for fifteen years with a rubber fan, that life goes on in pretty much the same way for us as it does for the ordinary family. Indeed, our life is pretty humdrum. My husband needs his regular dose of rubber in much the same way as the unfortunate diabetic needs his daily insulin injection. One adjusts to this. Laying out the rubber wear is no more extraordinary than preparing the syringe. It is just another one of those little domestic tasks to which any married woman becomes accustomed.

I know my husband is different from other men and I have no wish to deny or minimise the fact. What I am trying to say is that this difference can be absorbed into ordinary domestic life and this fact is seldom conveyed in studies of fetishism. I felt, as one directly involved, that this point was worth making and thank you for having given me the space to do so.

Mrs. A. T.,
Grimsby.

The Bigger—the Better

Sir: Three figures have prompted me to write to you, namely 55-24-40—the estimated, vital statistics of the models from 'Venusberg-Bizarre' referred to in 'Skin' (*M.O.* Vol. 37, No. 3). I have been a big breast fetishist for as long as I can remember, even as a child experiencing strange excitement when near to a woman with exceptional development.

A woman of normal proportions may be very beautiful, have a pleasing and attractive personality, and I may recognise these things and be delighted by her company, but the one thing such a female does *not* do for me is to arouse me sexually, at least not in any basic physical way.

Obviously, it is not just the size of the breasts that works the magic—if it were, then any hugely obese woman would turn me on—no, the oversize breasts must be on a generally slim and otherwise well-proportioned body, then I find the effect totally devastating.

The most sexually potent girl I have ever had the privilege of seeing and knowing intimately is a negress, with whom I worked for a couple of years. Her slender, hard body supported the biggest and most arrogantly protrusive pair of breasts it is possible to visualise having an existence outside the realm of pure fantasy—and that includes the American products of plastic surgery.

Her measurements were 48-25-38, with no assistance from any foundation garment or harness. Her ribcage was normal for a female with a 25 in. waist, and her 48 in. bust looked as though at least half of it was breast alone. The sight of her magnificent body used to drive me mad and, before I eventually found out, I used to spend many lustful minutes musing about what her nipples might be like.

When I finally saw her nude (she was not promiscuous, and needed a lot of persuasion) the sight was beyond my wildest dreams, for the aureolae that surrounded her long, rigid nipples were huge and permanently swollen. It was almost as though her terrific breasts were surmounted by another, miniature pair, up-tilted at a slight angle.

Afterwards, we spent many rapturous hours in abandoned sexual embraces the like of which I may never know again. Let me say that this girl was well-educated and highly intelligent, which explodes a popular myth regarding the 'dumbness' of heavily breasted females.

Questions I would like to see discussed in your wonderful magazine are: What makes me, and tens of thousands like me, only turn on fully at the sight and touch (sometimes the mere thought is enough!) of such rare women? What is it that causes phenomenal breast development—the natural sort, I mean? and can ordinary women ever hope to achieve such a bustline without surgery, assuming, of course, that they want to?

Finally, can we please see some illustrations of this type of girl in your magazine? They do not seem numerous in this country, but, judging by the American publications, these sensational creatures abound in the United States.

D.S.K., Kent.

Self-help

Sir: On reading a letter in a recent issue of your magazine concerning self-fellatio and whether it is possible, I would tell the writer, and other interested readers, that it is feasible. I have seen it performed by a young, agile youth in a film here, in Denmark.

This was part of a film I saw at the local cinema, not, I hasten to tell you, a 'blue film joint', but just a normal cinema in a provincial town. The film was, need I say, on the general subject of sex, and depicted what was being generally offered, and readily available, in Copenhagen, and its effect, if any, upon the average person, for not everyone is sex-mad in this country, you know! There were comments on what was to be seen by members of the Government, the Church, the medical profession, etc.

The film covered all aspects of the sex scene, especially porno books, sex aids and toys, and the famous (infamous?) live shows. It was during the last named that we saw this young man, in his early twenties I think, quite nude, with his head and shoulders on the ground. He manoeuvered his legs and hips up a wall and so, in this position, his body was permitted to be folded nearly double, yet, at the same time, supported.

He then played with himself and gave himself a very fine erection, followed next by an easily undertaken self-fellation, with his hands now around his buttocks for additional support and thrust. This young man was very well endowed, as are all our live show performers. To see such organs makes the average man feel very inadequate. All the same, it was proved beyond all doubt that self-fellation is possible.

This young man was a regular 'turn' at one of the live shows in Copenhagen. I say was, because shows are being rapidly closed now by the police, because, even for Denmark, things went too far for public opinion and the latest Government that is now in office.

What brought this about was mainly the audience participation, with all the men sitting with their erect organs out, and the girls coming and fellating them and using vibrators upon them. Some of the more extreme porno magazines are also in trouble, I think. There became a fixation in these for photographs of girls with their faces drenched with semen from not one, but sometimes four organs at once—black and white together.

Could it be that in a few years' time London will be more permissive than Copenhagen? Nothing remains the same for very long in this world, I think.

S.H., Odense,
Denmark.

Sir: I am writing as someone who, between the ages of thirty-five and forty-eight, regularly practised self-fellation, as referred to in recent correspondence (Vol. 37, Nos. 1 and 3). This period's significance is that it was a time during which I was actively engaged */continued on page 91*

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Carol

A sexy lady looks at sexology

Photographs by Byron Newman

Carol is a student of sociology at one of the London polytechnics and hopes, after completing her degree, to specialise in sexology. "It's a fascinating subject," Carol says. "It's more than 20 years since Dr. Kinsey published his famous studies of male and female sexuality in the United States and nothing comparable has ever been undertaken in this country. Whether you call it a 'new morality' or the 'permissive society' magazines such as Men Only *illustrate that people's attitudes towards sex have changed and possibly their sexual behaviour as well. It would be interesting and worthwhile measuring British sexuality* precisely *with a view of forecasting trends.*

"Of course Masters and Johnson have been active more recently in the States and although their work is controversial and there have been public outcries and protests they are not alone in being active in this field. I think it's a great pity that your so-called 'English reserve' precludes the British from being forerunners in this area. I suspect that if a sexual survey of Britain were conducted we would discover that although people are more open about sex—talk about it more—than previously they are still just as hung-up and scared. What I personally find disturbing is the fact that this applies equally to the 'swingers', that is to say, young people. I see it at my college; I've discovered it among my friends.

"Actually my interest in sexology is not concerned with sexual handicap. Of course sexually handicapped people must be helped and people must be trained to help them, another respect in

which we are sadly lacking, but I'm not the right person to do it; I haven't the right temperament. I'm too passionate," she laughs, "I'm afraid I'd get involved with the patient's problems.

"My interest is finding out what society has been throughout the ages especially during the immediate past, say 100 years, and how and why it's changed, assessing what society is now and predicting the changes that are likely to occur in the immediate future. This may sound like an academic exercise to you but I consider that the survival of the human race depends on scientists forecasting likely trends and then beseeching politicians to act. *The environmental crisis, for example, is an area of sociology and remarkably little is being done about it. You see, politicians are interested in big game and pollution isn't big game; pollution is death.*

"You must try and understand that sex is not a constant factor. It's constantly changing because people are constantly changing. By the year 2016 it has been estimated that, not allowing for nuclear warfare, the ecological crisis, acts of God and so forth, there will be two men available for every woman. Now, that's great for the girls," Carol laughs, "but it ain't so good for the blokes, is it? What are they going to do? Well, the structure of society obviously must change to meet this dilemma. One possibility is that polyandrous marriages will be contracted: instead of a man having more than one wife, as was the custom among Mormons until quite recently, every woman will be permitted by law to have more than one husband; this raises the ugly question of jealousy but we must not look at future man in terms of our own emotional traits—he will work it out. *Another possibility is that homosexuals will be allowed to marry, thus taking a few men off the market. Is it conceivable that Lesbianism by the same token will be made illegal? It's possible," Carol thinks. "It's more likely that marriage will disappear altogether and several people will live together in larger units than the family. It will be interesting to discover if the 'uni-sex' craze is a passing fashion or if bisexuality will become an integral part of future man's life style."*

Communication

continued from page 86 in regular, and carefully scheduled, physical culture. Musculature was dense and well-defined. With a fully erect penis length of six inches, I could not say that I had any special advantage in this direction—no, the key to the matter was full mobility of joints, good muscle tone and a lack of surplus fat.

Unfortunately, however, I found the performance of self-fellation difficult to sustain for long periods, mainly because the constriction of body cavities made breathing difficult, and this also tended to inhibit the satisfactory attainment of orgasm. Although I was able to suck my penis from a sitting position, either when seated upon a stool, or, with my legs outstretched on the floor, by pulling upon them, the easiest, and most sexually arousing method was to lie on my back and put my knees on the floor behind, and to either side, of my head.

In that position, my body weight helped to apply the necessary pressure to bring my penis into my mouth. This was improved if I could press with my feet under, say, a bed-rail. I found it best, though, when going for orgasm, to masturbate by hand to an advanced stage, and then finish in my mouth.

From a psychological standpoint, it may be interesting to know that, whereas, when I perform cunnilingus, the enjoyment is in realising what voluptuous pleasure I am giving to my partner, in self-fellation the excitement was from the knowledge that I was about to ejaculate on my own accord. *It was predominantly mental.* So far as self gratification in general is concerned, I got (and still get) far more pleasure from the artful use of finger and thumb tips, however exotic and erotic the idea of sucking may seem in the imagination.

People who attain physical excellence are rare, and the rest have little understanding of what it means. I have, therefore, never previously referred to this part of my sexual life, even to intimates. I should think, also, knowing the relative smallness of the female waist, that a well-conditioned girl could readily suck herself. However, even at the age of fifty, being free and fanciful, I have no intention of implanting that idea —at the expense of better ones!—in the mind of any lady of my acquaintance.

I.L.W., London.

Black is Beautiful

Sir: I must write to congratulate Fiona on her brilliant and stirring articles to date. What stands out, however, is that, although she has tried representatives of several nations, and has recently been concentrating on the regional peculiarities of the British male, all her partners have been Caucasians.

In my younger days (don't get me wrong—I'm only twenty-six now!) I enjoyed my sexual freedom and experimented not only with the regional differences, but also the ethnic variations in male anatomy and performance.

The old saying, 'When you've had black, you'll never go back' is so true, and works in both directions! I urge Fiona to try it, and I promise her she will not be disappointed.

I have been happily married to a negro boy for four years, and, believe me, no white man has ever approached his technique, stamina and all-important, 'vital statistics'!

Mrs. Pat Muwanga,
S.W.12.

Sexual Bliss

Sir: Regarding masturbation, I am always pleased to hear other people's views on this controversial subject, and fully agree with the correspondent from Leicester in Vol. 37, No. 3.

It is beautiful for a man and his wife to do this for each other. I am quite sure that the majority of women have no wish to be mounted each time the husband gets the urge, but a woman should *always* be willing to play with her husband's genitals and bring him off, *and she should do it with all her love and skill, not as an irksome duty.*

On other, probably rare occasions, the roles might be reversed, and she could just lie back, with her thighs spread wide, and surrender herself totally to her husband's worshipping caresses.

I do not believe age enters into this. I am now over seventy myself, and have been blissfully married to the same, wonderful woman for almost fifty years. We have never had quarrels over sex because we have always respected one another's moods and wishes, but neither of us has ever refused the other a loving and understanding release from sexual tensions.

Do not think that we have not enjoyed a full and adventurous sex-life. I assure you that there are very few things we have not tried over the years, but masturbation has played a large part in our pleasure. This was so right from the beginning and, with advancing age, it is even more so today.

My position and profession do not permit me to give my full name and address, but I hope you will print this letter, because I sincerely believe it holds the key to the solution of many marital sex problems. I look forward to other views, and, perhaps, some of your women readers —you must have many, in spite of your 'restrictive' title!—will pluck up courage and write.

I enjoy reading your magazine very much, especially the highly illuminating articles on sexual deviation, which no other periodical has ever dealt with so interestingly and authoritatively, but I do feel that cartoon strips such as 'Orgus' are not in keeping with your otherwise very high standards.

I.R., Essex.

Funny World!

Sir: I am twenty-nine, my husband thirty-one, and we have been married for three years with no family. I noticed when love-making that I could get James extremely excited by inserting my finger in his anus.

I asked him why this was so, and he told me that it was due to the fact that his widowed stepmother (an ex-nurse) had been in the habit of doing this when, as a child, he had been constipated. She would also administer an enema or a suppository at the least excuse and, as he secretly enjoyed the sensations involved, he often pretended to need treatment when it was not necessary.

When he discovered that I was in no way shocked, he asked if I would be prepared to give him an enema and, of course, I agreed because I love him, and want to give him as much pleasure as I can.

He now gets the treatment at least twice a week and I have become quite skilled and inventive in administering it. It is surprising how many variations there are on a basically simple technique. I have seen lots of advertisements in the Sunday papers offering enema treatment and colonic irrigation. Previously, I had always believed these ads. to be strictly medical, but now I know better! What a funny world this is!

Mrs. Jill S.,
Bath.

Mother Love

Sir: I know that a mother is supposed to stop at nothing to protect and help her children, but how about this for a really novel approach?

I am eighteen and have been going out with a girl of sixteen for the last few months. Naturally I've tried to persuade my girl to go the full distance, but she has always refused and I've made do with some fairly advanced petting sessions. I should perhaps explain that I spend quite a lot of time round at her place as she is an only child and her father is dead so there is a lot of room and her mother likes to keep an eye on her. Her mother has always been very nice to me and welcoming. She is an attractive woman still who dresses well and generally bothers about her appearance.

Anyway, I called round to see my girl-friend last week and found that she was out. Her mother invited me in for a cup of tea and said she wanted to have a little talk with me anyway. She didn't beat about the bush but asked me outright how far I'd gone with Nicola, her daughter. I answered honestly and she said that she supposed I wanted to go further. She then went on to say that she knew it was difficult for a red-blooded young man, etc., and how she appreciated that I must get very frustrated but that it was her duty to make sure that Nicola didn't get into trouble or do anything she might later regret. She assured me that she didn't blame me for trying, but Nicola was too young and I must lay off. She ended by saying that what I needed was a nice, sympathetic mature woman who could satisfy the needs of a young man like me without taking any risks.

From the way she said it I twigged what she had in mind. Indeed, I'd have had to be really stupid not to get the point. While I was taking this in and wondering what to say next she put her hand out and started stroking my hair. Naturally, I pulled her towards me and kissed her. She pressed her thighs and stomach against me, moving her pelvis in a slight, circular motion. I lost no time in getting hold of one of her big, soft breasts and squeezing it. Then she suggested that we should go upstairs.

In her bedroom she immediately took off her dress and slip. Her figure was really very good and nicely set off by sexy black undies. She started to palm my crutch in a most expert way while I removed her bra. She's got fantastic big firm breasts that I immediately started to kiss and squeeze while she got my jeans down and my erection in her hand. Then she pushed me on to the bed and went down on me. This is something Nicola will never agree to do and I nearly blew my mind while her expert lips went to work on me. Actually she was so good and I needed it so badly that I had to push her away after a while or I'd have been finished before we'd really begun.

She stretched out on the bed with me and I got her pants off and found her all moist and ready. She urged me to hurry and so I climbed on top of her and sank deeply into her warm and welcoming body. It was absolutely fantastic. She had two orgasms in quick succession, the second coinciding with mine. Afterwards we lay together and she confessed that she had overheard me pleading with Nicola to fellate me one night and had decided then and there to help out if she could. She had also sent Nicola off on some errand in order to get me alone that afternoon. She left me in no doubt that she would like to take care of my sexual needs while I keep on going with Nicola on a steady basis. She was even honest enough to admit that having been a widow for some years she is badly in need of some uninhibited male company.

So that's how things stand for the moment. Nicola doesn't suspect anything and seems much happier now that I don't need to nag her for more sex. At the same time I'm having fantastic sex with her mum, more or less whenever I want it and we can manage to be alone together. I can't help thinking what a fantastic mother-in-law she'd make. Perhaps the same thought had crossed her mind?

G. P.,
Doncaster.

B and B

Sir: I must compliment you upon the marvellous photographs of the girls currently appearing at the Revuebar, especially the studies of Edith Saphir, who, so far as I am concerned, has just about the most insolently provocative breasts I have ever seen—not incredibly large, but, oh, the impact of those tip-tilted nipples!

I wish you would give the vital statistics of the girls you feature, because I find this adds to the thrill of looking at nude studies, particularly when you can believe that the figures quoted are genuine (as they would be in a reputable magazine like yours). I know that a lot of the "cheap and nasty" (although not cheap they are *very* nasty!) mags. give false statistics, such as 42-22-36, when it is all too obvious that the real score is more like 38-29-37.

These bogus dimensions cannot fool any but the most gullible, yet it is a strange fact (and the publishers are clearly well aware of it) that a mouth-watering combination of figures, such as 39-21-36, is extremely exciting, because it conjures up in the mind's eye visions of almost incredible sexuality, even if the photographic evidence does not back it up. But, when it does—POW!

G.K.L., Blackpool.

Sir: I make no bones about it—I am a bottom fanatic. Some would say "fetishist", but this I dispute, because I enjoy the rest as well. It is just that I think the bottom is the most voluptuously beautiful and tactilely satisfying part of the female anatomy, and I know there are thousands of men who hold the same view.

In all seriousness, I would like to suggest that some future issue of your great mag. be a special "Buttocks" number, with the front cover and all the inside photo. features devoted to portraying girls with superb bottoms, ranging from the small and pert to the magnificent and overwhelming, with as many in-between types of different shapes and sizes (and colours) as you can find.

All the reading material should be about bottoms, too—serious articles on buttocks worship and fetishism, the ethnic variations, etc., including steatopygic developments, coupled with fiction devoted to the same fascinating subject, with "spanking" well to the fore.

There is, surely, nothing wrong with a fanatical love of the female posterior. No-one regards a man as "kinky" if he's mad about breasts or legs, so why should the buttocks addict be treated differently?

Let me add that I would not like all the bottoms to be completely nude. There was a recent study of Rita Reaumur showing a close-up of her gorgeous bottom, with a strap of silken material pulled tight up into the divine cleft between her cheeks. That photograph has given me enormous pleasure, as has one of Virginia (in the same issue) depicting a slim, golden chain disappearing between her gloriously full buttocks, so, please, let us see lovely bottoms enhanced by lace panties, rubber knickers, leather straps, silken ropes, metal chains and as many other, different erotic props as possible.

May I also plead for some photographs of girls with their hands resting provocatively upon their buttocks, the finger nails digging into the perfect flesh, and suggesting that they are about to draw the cheeks wide open to display the ultimate loveliness of the anus itself.

I suppose this is too much to ask, but is it permissible to show the anus? I have seen some Scandinavian magazines—not the crude, "hard" stuff, but tastefully produced, artistic publications—showing girls holding their buttocks apart. I find these studies the most exciting and beautiful—and I really mean beautiful!—of all, especially if the girl is very lovely and innocent-looking.

H.K.P., Dover.

Fiona

Sir: I wish to say that I strongly disapprove of Fiona Richmond's article about her experiences in Newcastle. It seems to me that she only picks easy guys like that one who can make love to women but can't have real sex. Ridiculous! Why doesn't Fiona seek out a few foreign guys, like Africans. She need not go there, for they are numerous in Britain. I'm one. If Fiona would only surrender herself to a coloured man for a change, she would learn more about the power of sex than she dreams possible. Ask any white girl who has tried it! I am not just talking about organ size, either, but sheer technique and the capacity to go on all night if she wants it.

M.F., London, W.13.

Sir: We males of maturer age tend to keep our sexual experiences to ourselves. This is bad psychologically, because fear of criticism, of ridicule by one's fellows, of ostracism, fear of the effect upon careers, fear of the frownings of authority—all these add up to one of the worst types of inhibition and are liable to curb creative activity.

I have never been ashamed of sex, having, at the age of three, watched the mating of butterflies. Now I photograph and film them. All the same, due to social attitudes, I have never talked about my sexual adventures, which have been many and diverse, but now all that has altered, and darling Fiona is responsible. Why? Because she is not ashamed. Name, occupation, assignments, and the minutest details of delicious deliriums are given. Nothing is left to the imagination.

Some will argue that something *should* be left to wonder about, but I disagree, taking the view that pubic hairs should not hide the view of inviting contours and dewy texture, nor cloud the artistic V of thigh and lower abdomen confluence.

It is, I know, a personal preference, but colouring of the pubic hair has possibilities which might be investigated by the cosmetics industry. Pre-undressing titillation would be greatly stimulated—"What colour is it tonight?"—and this, surely, would help to maintain sex interest in marital relations, not to mention the potential in the permissive scene.

But back to Fiona. Her effect,

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M.O.2.

apart from making me fall in love with her, is to have released me forever from attitudes which have tended to cramp. I am a poorish man, over 50, but very lively, and I ask for nothing except to be able to love and worship her for evermore. That is why I sent her a Christmas Card, a Valentine, and a bunch of red roses, and why I have written to her personally, outside the context of *Communication*. Let me say that Fiona has my permission to use *anything* I have written to her, provided she is the sole arbiter of what and when. People in love are NOT ashamed.

I.B., Dunblane.

Sir: With reference to Fiona's adventures in Newcastle, I am reminded of an old friend whose sexual exploits were the source of great amusement and wonder to all fellow students at our college. Being a chap of great resourcefulness, he could always guarantee making it with the particular chick of the night. His technique was simple. He used to tell the girl that he was a queer, and rely on arousing her mothering instincts, or challenging the potency of her sexual attractiveness. He maintains that he never failed. An interesting point—his name was James, and he lived in Hexham.

J.V., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Queer Gift Horse

Sir: When I joined a local amateur football team about six months ago, I was befriended by the team's coach, an unmarried man about fifteen years older than me. He is a pleasant, good-humoured man and for some time I have enjoyed his friendship, but now I am beginning to have my doubts.

Right from the start he talked a lot about sex and, crazy as this may sound, on three occasions he has fixed me up with girls with whom I have had sexual relations. Twice I met the girls concerned, at his invitation, at his house and had them in his bedroom. On both occasions he tactfully disappeared at the right moment, but afterwards he badgers me for a detailed account of what we did, what it was like, etc. Because I found this embarrassing, I insisted on meeting the other girl in a public place, but even so he wouldn't give me any peace until I told him every last detail of our meeting.

Lately, he has taken to making a lot of comments about the size of my penis which he has seen when I've been showering after a match. He also asks me a lot about masturbation, when and how I do it. Now he wants to set up a proper threesome with him, me and a girl. I have refused to commit myself because having talked this whole thing over with some of my friends of my own age, I have begun to wonder if what they say is true. They say this man is after me. One says he must be a voyeur and has been spying on me with the girls he set up for me. Another reckons he must have paid the girls to have sex with me because that's the way he gets

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his kicks. Yet another says I'd be mad to pass up such a benefactor, especially as I've always been rather shy with girls and have not had much success until this man started running my sex life.

In fairness I should say that the man has never touched me or ever made any improper suggestion. Apart from his personal questions about my sex habits, we've always got on very well and I do have reason to be grateful to him. I wonder if any other readers have any thoughts about this? I really don't know what to think. I certainly hadn't suspected him of any monkey-business until I started listening to my friends and now it occurs to me that they might just be jealous of my good fortune. Even so, I do see that it all sounds a bit odd.

S. M., Perth.

Rewarded Peeping Toms

Sir: I had decided to take advantage of the recent spell of fine weather and took a few days leave that were owing to me. On one particularly hot day, I took a book out into the garden to do a little out of season sunbathing. I got so hot and relaxed that I took off my trousers as well, thinking that I was sufficiently well-screened from onlookers not to give offence. Even so I naturally kept my underpants on. After a while I was distracted from my drowsy sun-worship by a sort of tapping sound. I tried to ignore it, but it was one of those irritating noises that makes it impossible for you to rest until you have discovered its cause. I looked around but, at first, I could discover no explanation. Then, suddenly, I saw our next door neighbour's wife, a woman of about thirty, standing in the big upstairs picture window of her house. She smiled and waved. I, blushing a little at being caught in my underwear, returned the greeting.

Of course I wasn't sure that she had been tapping at the window, but then all thoughts of the noise vanished as, before my very eyes, as they say, she pulled her sweater over her head. Avoiding looking directly at me, she quickly dispensed not only with her sweater, but her bra as well. For a few delicious moments she stood framed in the window giving me a good look at her large, firm breasts. Then her skirt went down, her waist slip and her panties, revealing the whole of her naked body down to the dark fuzz of her pubic hair.

The combination of sun and strip-tease caused me to grow hard and this phenomenon required a slight adjustment to my penis. As I made it, I saw the naked neighbour now looking full at me. I grinned a bit self-consciously. She responded by cupping her breasts lasciviously in her hands and commenced tickling her nipples until they stood out. She seemed completely unselfconscious and I began to wonder about her intentions. Was this an invitation to go round or was I just getting a free look? I decided to take the bull by the horns and stood up, my excitement, as a result, becoming completely obvious. The woman shot me an admiring glance and gestured to my quite apparent erection. She made a series of gestures which, at first, I could not understand. Then it dawned on me that she wanted me to show her my manly attributes. Glancing furtively around, I discreetly lowered the front of my underpants letting it all stick out. To my surprise, I found this extremely exciting. The woman's hand dropped below the window-frame and disappeared into the fur around her vagina and, by her facial expression I realised that she approved of what I had to show. By a series of decidedly unequivocal gestures, she indicated that she wanted me to 'take myself in hand.' By that time I was far enough gone along the road of no return to comply.

And so, strange as it may seem, we stood there in full view of each other and masturbated. After a while I indicated my desire to join her. When this was refused by a sharp, negative shake of the head, I invited her down to join me. Again she refused, but encouraged me to continue with my self-pleasure. We watched each other until I was very close to orgasm. At this point she must have climbed up on a chair or stool or something for I could suddenly see her fingers moving rapidly between her legs. At this spectacle, I came.

That was all. Although I trudged around the increasingly not-so-hot garden every day in my irresistible Y-fronts and loitered behind the net curtains in the hope of catching my masturbatory mate on her way to the supermarket, she never appeared and the bizarre performance was never repeated. Now I'm back at work and don't know whether to regard this peculiar experience as a lost opportunity or fun as far as it went.

H. B., Durham.

Sir: I am only seventeen years old, but I read your *Communication* columns with great interest, and I think your readers might like to hear about an experience I had a few months ago, and which is still continuing, on and off.

I live in one of those circular roads, with a service road leading into it. One dark morning, I was standing in my bedroom window getting dressed for school when a light came on in the bedroom of a house diametrically opposite, into which a new family had just moved. I caught a glimpse of a nude girl, in profile, with a pair of very full breasts all jiggling about.

My heart fluttered, and I rushed to fetch my brother's binoculars from downstairs. When I returned, the girl, now in her panties, was standing close by the window putting on her bra, and looking straight across at *my* window, which was the only other one with a light showing. She

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was only young—about my age—but was very lovely and had a perfect body.

She must have seen me with the binoculars because, almost immediately, she disappeared, and I began to curse myself for not being more discreet and putting the light out before I spied on her. I supposed that I would not see her again, but how wrong can you be? A few moments later, she reappeared—completely nude again!

Of course, I was very excited by this time and took my penis out and began to masturbate with one hand, holding the glasses in the other. In return, I was rewarded by the thrilling sight of the girl standing astride across two chairs, her legs wide apart, pulling open her vulva and rubbing her clitoris.

We seemed to reach orgasm almost together. She gave a little wave, stepped down from the chairs and, a few seconds afterwards, the light went out. I never expected a repeat performance of this lovely display—it seemed just too much to hope for—but it did happen again, quite frequently, and still does from time to time.

Whenever we see one another outside, which is not often, we exchange guilty glances and I blush furiously. We have never spoken. Human beings *are* funny, aren't they?

M. J.W., Appleford, Berks.

Male Brothel

Sir: I read recently, with great delight, that an all-male brothel is opening in Hamburg this summer, and that the organizers—a 33-year-old night-club owner and his wife—have been inundated with applications from would-be male prostitutes.

As a highly sexed woman who has always considered men to have a most unfair advantage when it comes to a gratification of their sexual desires, I welcome the news, and hope that, eventually, similar facilities will be available over here.

One thing that does perplex me, however, is how a male prostitute will be able to render "normal" service to one female after another. After all, it "takes it out of a man" doesn't it? I fail to see how any man could expect a long career "on the game".

I am very athletic myself—a strong tennis player and swimmer—and, when a man has satisfied *me*, he is no use to anyone else for at least six hours!

Marion K., Southampton.

Sir: I note with great interest that Dieter Glocke and his wife are opening an all-male bordello for women in Hamburg, and that excellent business is expected from the various Women's Associations and Clubs that regularly visit the city for a "dirty night out".

The male prostitutes are to be paid the equivalent of £12·00 a time for their services. This may sound like money for old rope, but, in my estimation, they will deserve every penny of it, for I see that each male will be expected to satisfy four or five clients per eight-hour shift!

What I want to know is how any man could hope to stand the pace. I have been extremely interested in ejaculation statistics for years, since a lot of rubbish is talked about men's capacity in respect of repeated emissions. For the past 3½ years I have religiously kept a day-to-day record of my sexual activities. I am very highly sexed and powerfully built, 33-years old, happily married and have two young daughters.

In the course of my employment, I have many occasions when extra-marital sex is available, and this I enjoy freely. I also masturbate regularly for the sheer rapture of it, and have done so since I was eleven years old, originally as often as fifteen times a week in my teens, gradually falling to my present rate of two to three times a week.

My activities over the past 3½ years (ending 31-3-72) were as follows:
Self masturbation (many varied methods): 272 times; Masturbation by wife and three other girls: 47 times (39, 4, 2, 2.); Intercourse with wife: 260 times; Intercourse with five other girls: 56 times (31, 15, 7, 2, 1.); Fellation to completion by wife and two other girls: 50 times (4, 44, 2.). Total: 685 ejaculations.

This represents, on average, an ejaculation every 45 hours. I reckon this comes close to burning the candle at both ends. An ejaculation every 24 hours over such an extended period would be burning it in the middle as well! Consider, then, four or five discharges *every day*—and all compressed into an eight hour period—truly, the mind boggles! Have you seen some of those German female football players? And what about the girl mud-wrestlers?

G.L., London, W.1.

Sir: It amazes me that 1,500 handsome, young men have offered their services as male prostitutes in a brothel that is opening to cater for women in Hamburg. What sort of life can these chaps expect? I feel they are in for a great disillusionment because, presumably, they will be obliged to take on all comers, no matter how old and repulsive.

The proprietors of this brothel, which, in my opinion, is a wonderful idea, reckon that the clientele will consist of females aged forty and over. I know a lot of women in their forties (and fifties!) can be amazingly sexy, but, if they *are*, there is certainly no need for them to pay for their erotic adventures.

Another thing, unless the clients are going to be satisfied with manual and oral techniques, how can any male prostitute possibly "keep it up"?

Miss Angela Down, I.O.W.

Women's Equal Rights

Sir: My husband and I both enjoy your magazine, and I'm sure you must have thousands of female readers in spite of your restrictive name! You occasionally print photographs of dishy men in your fashion

spots, also in the features dealing with night clubs—like Benjamin at the "Revuebar", but, *please*, let us girls see some completely nude men.

I understand that plenty of male organs are on view every night on the London stage, so why can't we admire a few choice specimens in your magazine? Do you know, I've never seen an uncircumcised penis—in fact I don't even know what one looks like!

I suppose I must be very much in the minority here, but, surely, I am not unique, and I expect there are other females who have led a "sheltered" life who don't know what a *circumcised* penis is like. But, just because we are not promiscuous does not indicate we have no interest in these things. I feel sure you would thrill a lot of your female readers if you complied with this request, although my husband has just come in and told me that it's against the law. If this is true, just how ridiculous can you get? You can go and see a penis in the flesh in "Oh! Calcutta!", but you can't print a picture of it on paper. Is this really so?

Mrs. G.B., Paisley.

Sir: You said, in an Editorial note to a recent letter in *Communication*, that "M.O." is for hetero-sexual men, and that nude males would offend the majority of your readers. I cannot agree. You see, you have a lot of female readers, too! In the "beefcake", homosexual context of that particular letter, I concur with your attitude, but I am sure it could not be said that the majority of readers, today, would object to a heterosexual balance, or even a sprinkling of naturally naked males.

You do have a few men in your pictures, but always with their genitals coyly concealed in an unnatural way (as with a girl's pubic hair until recently) and this, I contend, strongly detracts from the eroticism and beauty of many of your pictures. The last thing I am advocating is a "gay" magazine, but please let us admire the male body as openly as husbands and boyfriends admire the lovely girls you feature.

Miss Shirley G., Stoke-on-Trent.

Praise

Sir: Congratulations on a truly adult publication. How refreshing it is to find an erotic magazine which credits its readership with the intelligence to assimilate in-depth articles on the psychology of sex. Understanding of a subject brings added pleasure, and, as has often been rightly said, 'It all begins in the mind'.

Unfortunately, most of the current proliferation of sexploitation mags. cater for the very lowest tastes, and seldom advance far beyond four letter words and crude descriptions of antics which unthinking animals can perform just as well—if not better—than humans. Please continue to instruct us in your uniquely titillating fashion.

K.P.G., Dorchester.

More About Nurses

Sir: As a fully qualified member of the nursing profession I wish to protest, on behalf of myself and my colleagues, about the insinuations printed in your columns recently concerning nurses. We are dedicated, hard-working and thoroughly respectable girls. Our relations with our male patients are at all times entirely proper. What you have printed are the sick fantasies of sexually frustrated men, projected on to innocent and responsible women.

Sister H. C., Dagenham.

Sir: As a regular reader of your magazine I must tell you how much the last issues have cheered me up during a fairly long stay in hospital. Naturally, I was particularly interested in the letters about nurses. One day, shortly before I was discharged, I showed the letters to two of my favourite junior nurses. Later that day, having put the screens round my bed, they gave me a completely unscheduled blanket bath. Actually, it was an excuse to give my backside a good smacking. Now I am no spanking fan, but I must say those girls getting their revenge for my cheek in showing them those letters, really got me worked up. When, after making my bottom really tingle, they turned me over, I had a full erection which both of them 'accidentally' handled as they put my pyjamas back on. From the flush on their pretty cheeks and the gleam in their eyes, I am sure they were as excited as I was.

I have nothing but admiration for the nursing profession. They are marvellous, hard-working girls—and damn sexy, too.

P. W., Llangollen.

Sir: I must tell you how much I've enjoyed the letters in *Communication* recently about nurses. They reminded me of a wonderful experience of my own.

I was in hospital last year for several weeks and was magnificently nursed and looked after. The only problem was sex and, believe me, it really was a problem after a couple of weeks. Well, one night I just couldn't get to sleep and no matter what I did my penis wouldn't lie down. In desperation I decided to take matters into my own hands, as they say. As discreetly as possible, I started to masturbate. A few moments later a low, feminine voice asked: "And what do you think you're doing?" I opened my eyes to see the night nurse, a big-busted Irish brunette with gorgeous blue eyes, staring down at me. What could I say? "Look what a mess you've made of this bed," she said, whipping back the covers to expose my rampant erection. "A big boy like you shouldn't be playing with himself. Shame on you." I was about to agree with her when she took hold of my penis and gave it a couple of blood-tingling rubs. Then, stooping over me, she took it in her mouth and gave the head a fantastic tongue bath. Scarcely able to believe

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continued from page 97/my luck, I slipped my hand under her skirt and up the silky length of her stockinged leg to her naked thigh and the leg of her panties. She shifted her position so that I could get my hand inside her knickers and I played with her while she sucked me to the point of orgasm. At the last moment she removed her mouth and made me ejaculate on to my belly, while orgasmic tremors shook her body.

Afterwards she was all efficiency and mopped me up and tucked me in. I was eighteen at the time and had never been fellated. On two other occasions, once in bed and once in the bathroom, she did it to me again and let me feel her. I was really sorry to leave hospital and will never forget that lovely nurse. If anyone deserves a pay rise, she does. Her brand of medicine was really something to put a chap on his feet.

S. J. J., Bedford

Bondage

Sir: I recently visited a high-class call-girl in Bayswater, who specialises in bondage, etc. This was my first experience of such goings-on. I went out of curiosity as much as anything, but it was really wild, and turned me on like nobody's business. It was all done so beautifully and expertly.

On entering her flat, I was immediately struck by the almost clinical cleanliness of the place. She, herself was absolutely gorgeous, attired in a black, leather mini-dress, high-heeled, black, leather boots and black, leather gloves.

She asked me if I wanted it 'soft or hard', and, like a fool, I replied 'hard'. In next to no time, she had my hands tied behind my back and forced down on to a divan. Although quite slight of figure, she was very strong. She tied my ankles and gagged me with a square of knotted, white silk. Then she went to work on me, with tricks I'd never thought of!

Now I come to the odd part. A few days later, I called at an office in Aldwych, and the receptionist turned out to be my lovely, cruel Mistress. Whether she recognised me or not I cannot say, but she gave no sign. I just fail to see why she needs a day-time job, because she must be making a bomb at the other business. I wonder if she has to pay it all over to a protection racket, but keeps on because she actually enjoys doing it?

K.C.W., Barking.

Mud-Larking

Sir, I get an enormous kick out of photographs of pretty girls mud-larking and getting themselves all besmirched and wet with slimy, clinging mud, especially if they are in thin, clinging dresses, transparent macs, or, better still, in the nude.

Could we have some photos like this? I would also love to see you do a full-length feature on the German, female mud-wrestlers.

One final request—could you feature some pics. of the lovely model who posed, nude, at the Motor Show last year. I think her name is Helen Jones. To my mind she is one of the sexiest models currently on the scene.

K.R., Taunton. MO

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